

THE

SATURDAY REVIEW

OF

POLITICS, LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AND ART.

No. 92, Vol. 4.

August 1, 1857.

Price 5d.
Stamped 6d.

THE SATURDAY REVIEW.

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MR. DISRAELI ON INDIA.

MR. DISRAELI'S speech on India, though extremely ill timed and extremely unpatriotic, was one for which he ought to be pardoned. There was a period—and not a short one—in his career, during which he was, as he himself expresses it, “an exceedingly humble member of the House,” with two subjects of his own. Mr. DISRAELI was to Indian affairs, and to the Consular service, what Mr. SPOONER is to Maynooth, Mr. WILLIAMS to the Estimates, and Mr. BERKELEY to the Ballot. It may be supposed that, just as Mr. SPOONER has gradually stored his mind with immoral maxims, and Mr. BERKELEY with examples of tyranny and corruption, the far more indefatigable member for Shrewsbury did not fail to amass a considerable amount of information upon the two topics on which he had staked his fortunes. If there is ever a debate on the anomalies of Consular arrangements, the House will be astonished at the quantity of special knowledge exhibited by the leader of the Opposition; and, though it received rather thanklessly the outpouring of Monday evening, the ingratitude must be attributed to the painful interest of the subject, which turned the attention of the audience more on the bad taste and unseasonableness of the exhibition than on its dexterity or power. No one who listened to Mr. DISRAELI could doubt that this pell-mell evacuation of accumulated matter was hurried on to prevent its being staled by more authentic testimony from the theatre of affairs. In our present dearth of information, it is just possible to conceive that some few of the acts of Government stigmatized in the speech may have weakened the allegiance of the native soldier; but the larger part of Mr. DISRAELI'S censure is directed against measures which, whether wise or unwise, cannot have an atom of influence on the condition of the Indian army.

It would be worthy of Mr. DISRAELI'S position in the House and the country to leave to the shallow survivors of the campaign of 1853 the attempt to connect the sorrows of the Sepoy with the grievances which are supposed to make up Indian misgovernment. Why should a statesman exhibit the perplexities of those whose language shows that they look upon this great mutiny as a brilliant disappointment? It is a Godsend to the gentlemen who got up BURKE during the progress of the India Bill, that the Empire should be on the eve of dissolution; but it is the last of misfortunes that the danger should have come from the wrong quarter. If the King of Oude had escaped to his lost dominions, and reappeared in Bengal, like an Eastern CHARLES EDWARD, with a gallant following of devoted loyalists; if the population of Delhi had massacred women and children in return for private torture; or if the North-West had revolted in the cause of cheap salt, the old age of Young India would have been rewarded by that highest crown of a declaimer's ambition—a lugubrious prognostic borne out by the event. But the discontent has unluckily shown itself not among the victims, but among the instruments of our tyranny; and the correspondents of the Radical newspapers are labouring to account for the anomalous circumstance that the population keeps quiet, while a furious insurrection breaks out among the pampered minions whose bayonets used to be pointed at as furnishing the sole reason why a hundred millions of slaves continued to suffer in silence.

Mr. DISRAELI, like many men of a rhetorical turn of mind, tolerates no explanation of these calamities which does not admit of being invested with oratorical decorations. He cannot tear himself away from what Americans call the “eloquent aspects” of the subject. We have ourselves admitted—but claiming always the benefit of further information—that the greased cartridges do not probably exhaust the causes of the mutiny. But Mr. DISRAELI caricatures this opinion. “I hope,” he said, “that the rising generation in Parliamentary life, who are now entering upon their career amid occurrences which will furnish ample materials for long discussions during many years in this House, will not too hastily accept superficial ideas. I can assure them that the rise and fall of empires are not affairs of greased cartridges.” Now, except that it is difficult to point a period with cow-fat, there is no earthly reason why the catastrophe in Bengal should not be an affair of greased cartridges. The profound old maxim that great events are begotten of great causes by small occasions, is abusively interpreted if great and small are understood simply of greater or less aptness for the purposes of the rhetorician. The great cause of the Bengal mutiny may possibly be that immemorial superstition which has ravell'd up the mind of the Oriental into a maze which defies all the ingenuity of the West to penetrate it; and in that case a greased cartridge, a Methodist on a tub, or a Scotch lady distributing tracts, though only capable of being described in very humble language, may stand to Hindoo prejudice in the relation of spark to powder. But Mr. DISRAELI considers cow-grease an outrage on the majesty of rhetoric, and will not be satisfied unless thrones and dominations, principedoms and powers, mingle in what is perhaps the last scene of a great drama. He reminds us that we have dethroned ancient royal houses, that we have disturbed the laws of proprietary succession, that we have abolished customs coeval with an august religion. These are forms of speech equal in dignity to the subject-matter, and Mr. DISRAELI is sure that they represent some corresponding truths. Now it is certain that all the evidence which has as yet flowed in goes far to establish the impolicy of our interferences with the religious prepossessions of the Hindoo; but what are we to say of an attempt to represent the Sepoy as having revolted out of sympathy with the grievances of rajahs of Nagpoor and kings of Oude! It is like attributing the rot among the sheep to a murrain among the wolves. The independent princes of Central Hindostan are as recognised scourges of the class from which the privates of the Bengal army are taken, as are the tigers in the Jungle; and the Zemindar on Company's territory is, with somewhat less reason, regarded by it as its natural foe. No native monarch, menaced with dethronement, has ever yet pleaded his people's affections as a reason for not dispossessing him; nor is there a single instance in which any subject not actually in the pay of the potentates we have pulled down, has lifted a finger to arrest their fall. Thousands of the Bengal Sepoys were, as Mr. DISRAELI tells us, natives of Oude. They quitted their miserable homes to enlist in a foreign service, and if ever they returned they were careful to claim the privilege of living under a foreign jurisdiction. The quondam-sovereign of Oude, Mr. DISRAELI'S “enlightened and amiable” client, discovers for the first time a point of union with his quondam-subjects in the crimes, never to be forgotten or forgiven, which have alienated them from their English paymasters.

But the climax of Mr. DISRAELI'S speech is the most singular portion of it. This elaborate attempt to paint the mutiny as a general political movement would be disgraceful to its author as a statesman, and even as an Englishman, if it did not lead up to some practical remedy. What is Mr. DISRAELI'S suggestion? He recommends that a Royal Com-

mission go to India to inquire generally into grievances, and that a proclamation be immediately issued, informing the people of India that "the relations between them and their Sovereign Queen VICTORIA shall be drawn nearer." This is the "eloquent aspect" of a plan which a correspondent of the *Times*, writing from Bayswater, describes in the pithy sentences characteristic of Bayswater statesmanship:—"Abolish the East India Company. Away with the double Government. Let India be ruled by a Secretary of State, with a competent staff of under-secretaries." Now we call attention to the remarkable fact that, in the long series of measures singled out by Mr. DISRAELI for condemnation, every one, without an exception, is an act of the Crown authorities, as distinguished from the East India Company. The Company is not responsible for one solitary mistake out of all those which are urged by its critics as reasons for extinguishing it. Mr. DISRAELI cannot be taxed with sharing the popular delusions on the subject of Indian Government. He at any rate is aware of the existence and functions of the Board of Control, and knows what is meant by the Governor-General in Council. It is therefore perfectly amazing that he should place a proposal for dissolving the East India Company at the close of a speech which, whether from intention or not, has the effect of showing that in proportion as the influence of the Directors has prevailed, wisdom and justice have been adhered to, and that exactly in proportion to the interpositions of the Crown, Anglo-Indian policy has miscarried. The gist of the complaint is, that Indian Governments have erred from ignorance of the people of India. Yet these blunders were perpetrated by rulers who were at all events surrounded by advisers who knew all that Europeans can ever hope to know of the East and its races. Mr. DISRAELI, in order that there may be no mistakes for the future, proposes to leave the blundering vice-gerents alone, and to suppress the councillors who assist them. A Secretary of State, directly responsible to Parliament, is to govern India with the help of a map and a gazetteer. The independence of native princes is to be guaranteed by an assembly which would vote the supplies for a war with the King of NAPLES to-morrow if the Foreign Office gave the hint. The most scrupulous respect for an idolatrous superstition is to be enforced by a company of noblemen and gentlemen who refuse to listen to an argument on the Sabbath question, who hesitate to sit on the same benches with a Jew, and who can only be jockeyed into not abolishing Maynooth. And the instrument of this marvellous improvement is to be Mr. VERNON SMITH. Mr. DISRAELI's projects lead straight to this conclusion. There is no Government possible at the present moment except Lord PALMERSTON's, and there is no member of the Government who will take the Indian department except Mr. VERNON SMITH. Mr. DISRAELI's panacea for India is a Governor-General SMITH, acting in a Council of SPOONERS.

THE EMPEROR OF THE FRENCH AND THE REFUGEES.

WE have very little doubt that the pretended conspiracy to assassinate the Emperor of the FRENCH is a mere invention of the Imperial Government, intended to form a pretext for proceedings against the French exiles in London, and brought into play at the moment when, from our Indian difficulties, it is thought that our Government will be less able to resist any demands made upon it by our powerful ally. The pretence put forth in the *Moniteur*, that the revelation of the plot was deferred from motives of constitutional delicacy till after the French elections, is almost enough in itself to stamp the character of the whole story; for the part which the French Government played in those elections is fresh in our minds, and certainly never did arbitrary power show less deference for the shadow of a constitution, or more boldly and frankly place its foot on the prostrate honour of a nation. It is highly improbable, too, that M. LEDRU ROLLIN, and those who are accused with him—knowing, as they must, according to the account of the *Moniteur*, have known, that their accomplices were in the hands of justice—would have remained quietly in a country the Government of which is so much under French influence as ours. America was open to them—why did they not fly? Instead of this they remain in England, publish their places of residence, deny the crime imputed to them, and offer themselves to the scrutiny of English justice. In an English court of justice we feel pretty confident the French Government will not meet them.

Such a proceeding would entail revelations of the mode in which Providence guards the person and the government of the Emperor, which would be wholly unsuited to the moral tastes of this side of the Channel. A considerable time since, it was intimated that those angels of a protecting Heaven who watch over an existence necessary to the Deity, under the designation of *agents provocateurs*, had been exercising their august functions in an attempt to entrap M. LEDRU ROLLIN, against whom, it now seems to be admitted, no "documentary" evidence can be produced. In the absence of documentary evidence, the cautious inquirer will perhaps hesitate to accept as proof the confession of a person in the hands of French "justice," particularly if that person should happen ever to have been employed as a Government spy.

Supposing, however, that the present plot should prove to be due to the pious solicitude of the French Ministers themselves, the occasion is not the less a suitable one for considering the principle on which we ought to deal with the cases of those who may abuse the asylum afforded them in this country for the purposes of political conspiracy. This is a highly practical question for us, whose shores are now almost the last sanctuary of European freedom; and it is a question which, to tell the truth, we would rather see settled publicly than by private conference between august personages. There can be no doubt whatever that our hospitality has been not unfrequently abused by exiles, whose selfishness or fanaticism has led them to imperil by their intrigues the safety of the common refuge, and to draw upon their protectors the danger of a war. The present Emperor of the FRENCH was himself, when an obscure political adventurer, a palmary instance of the crime which he now, as the chief of European despotism, so magnanimously prosecutes. A refugee in this country, he here collected the means of invading, and from hence embarked to invade, the territories of a Government then our intimate ally; and if he has carefully destroyed the records of the Boulogne attempt in the French archives, he has not expunged the fact from any memories but those of courtiers, or diminished the force of the warning to this country. We are bound in honour, in prudence, and in the interest of humanity, to make effectual provision against the recurrence of such attempts. We are bound in honour to see that foreign Governments, relying on our open amity, shall not be made the objects of attacks covertly carried on with our connivance, and under our protection. We are bound in prudence to guard ourselves against the recklessness which would draw upon us the vengeance—perhaps the combined vengeance—of the despotic Governments of Europe. We are bound in the interest of humanity to protect the common asylum against the danger with which it is threatened by abusers of its rights, whose criminal folly, if unchecked, will involve the ruin of others with their own.

Political offences do not come within the scope of treaties of extradition, nor is it just that they should do so. Treaties of extradition, by which one country renders up an accused person to the justice of another, are properly applicable only to offences against the universal laws of justice which all countries alike recognise, and to which, therefore, all, whatever their political principles, may combine to give effect. But an attempt to subvert an arbitrary and tyrannical government is by no means in itself an offence against the universal laws of justice, or a case in punishing which one nation can unreservedly make itself the agent of another. What citizen of a free nation would tolerate the idea of delivering up an Italian to be shot or imprisoned for life by the Austrians for having aimed at the liberation of his country? Powers of expulsion, again, vested in the executive Government, are a highly unsatisfactory mode of dealing with refugees alleged to be guilty of conspiracy. They are arbitrary in their nature, and liable to be exercised in a capricious, tyrannical, or cowardly manner. They involve the absurdity of bandying about the firebrand from one jurisdiction to another, instead of extinguishing it, and sending a man who has committed a crime in England to commit it again in Switzerland or the United States, or a man who has committed a crime in Switzerland or the United States to commit it again in England. Moreover, they are quite ineffectual to prevent the crime, or to protect this nation against the dangerous consequences which it entails, since the utmost penalty that awaits the detected conspirator is to be sent out of the kingdom scot-free. The better course is to proceed against this, as against other offences, through the ordinary courts of law, and if the law

is (as we believe it is) insufficient for the purpose in its present state, to supply its defect by a definite statute. Let us treat a conspiracy against the life or government of a foreign Sovereign, carried on in this country, as a distinct and specific offence against the laws of this country—try that offence openly and in due form—and inflict on the person convicted of it (whether a native of this realm or a foreigner) such punishment as may suffice to repress its commission for the future. Everything will then be in accordance with English principles. There will be the same ready and sufficient answer to all aggrieved Governments, weak or strong—exiles taking refuge on our shores will know clearly under what conditions they are allowed an asylum—the honour of the nation will never be endangered by the pusillanimity, or its safety imperilled by the foolhardiness, of a particular Minister—nor will justice change with the opinions and predilections of the Administration. M. LEDRU ROLLIN demands a fair and open trial before an English jury for an offence alleged to have been committed within the jurisdiction of the English law. In our opinion, common sense is in favour of his demand. Juries would very soon learn, if they did not perceive at once, the justice and necessity of convicting upon honest and sufficient evidence; and if honest and sufficient evidence cannot be produced, there is no reason for molesting the accused person at all. Either M. LEDRU ROLLIN and the rest have abused the right of asylum by conspiracy or they have not. If they have not, or (what is the same thing in England) if they cannot be proved to have done it, they ought to be suffered to live in peace, and to expel or otherwise molest them at the bidding of a powerful foreign Government is cowardice and dishonour. If they have, they ought to be condignly punished, not only for the satisfaction of the French Government, but in the interest of other exiles, and for the protection of this nation.

THE INDIAN NEWS.

WE believe that we shall best characterize the last news from India by saying, that a little more on the one side, or a little more on the other, would have made it either very good or very bad. It oscillates between success and disaster, but seldom either rises or descends beyond a point of negation. Delhi had *not* been taken—the Madras and Bombay armies had *not* broken out into revolt. The mutiny in the army had *not* subsided; the people had *not* risen. There is nothing much worse than we had learnt before; and there is nothing much better. The next mail, in all human probability, will bring us something decisive.

The news, indeed, was very much what was to have been expected. Knowing that a great responsibility had unexpectedly devolved upon an untried commander, whose Indian experience was to be counted only by months, it was safe to predict that he would err rather on the side of caution than on the side of precipitancy. General BARNARD, we are told, was waiting for reinforcements. It is easy to be valiant at a distance. It is easy, sitting in one's study many thousand miles away from the seat of enterprise, to talk lightly of the difficulties, and to disregard the responsibilities which surround the English commander. The tremendous nature of a failure at such a time, on the side of authority, is more than sufficient to deter men of ordinary calibre from hazarding an attack with any other than overwhelming means at their command. There may be men in whose vocabulary there is "no such word as fail." Nay, doubtless, there *are* such men. One man enters a fortified city and puts the garrison to the sword, whilst another is sketching out his first parallel. All honour to such heroes! They do it, because they feel that they can do it. But doubt is fatal to such an enterprise. It requires the confidence almost of inspiration to make so grand a *coup* in such a conjuncture. No man ought, therefore, to blame Sir HENRY BARNARD for waiting for reinforcements. It was his duty, as far as possible, to reduce success to a certainty; and although we believe that a man of more Indian experience (for strangers always exaggerate danger in the East) and more military dash, might have carried Delhi before the departure of the last mail, no one but the "Own Correspondent" of a morning journal will condemn him for not attempting so hazardous an exploit.

But we do not disguise from ourselves that there is danger in delay. The army before Delhi, exposed to the deteriorating influences of a destructive climate, and still more destruc-

tive inactivity, was likely to suffer both in numbers and efficiency. New sources of delay may arise. All experience teaches us that in such cases as this there is seldom any mean. If a thing is not done at once, it takes a long time to do it. Difficulties make difficulties. They breed a-pace. Having once begun to wait, we know not how much longer our patience may be tried. We waited for General ANSON; we waited for the siege-train; we waited for Sir HENRY BARNARD; we waited for reinforcements; and we shall not be surprised if the next mail informs us, that we are to wait a little longer for Sir PATRICK GRANT. In the meanwhile, not only is our army physically and morally deteriorating, but the impression both of our courage and of our resources is rapidly dying out. Every day that dawns upon the insolence of the mutinous city gives strength to the rebel cause, and increases therefore the difficulty of subduing it. We have, as yet, no alarming indications of a great rational movement. The princes and the people have hitherto ostensibly held aloof. But we know not how much longer they may be proof against the temptation of our continued inactivity. We do not believe that we are regarded, through the whole length and breadth of the land, as tyrants and oppressors; but we live by *impression* in that country, and as soon as we are believed to be weak, the tide will certainly turn against us. The anxiety of the public to learn that Delhi is in the hands of the Government troops is based upon a solid foundation; for we know not how soon, if there be a prevailing sense of our weakness throughout the country, the mutiny of the Bengal army may swell into a revolt of the entire population. In such a conjuncture as this, not only days but hours also are of vital importance; and we confess that, whatever other favourable symptoms there may be, we shall be able to recognise nothing really cheering in our Indian intelligence until the imperial city is in the power of the avenging army.

Few of our readers will have been surprised to learn that the King of OUDE has been seized, and sent a prisoner to Fort William, upon what is believed to be proof of his complicity in the military rebellion which is now filling so many hearts with sorrow and dismay. Ignorant of the contents of the papers which have revealed this fact, we can express no opinion regarding the probability of his having been instrumental in originating, or merely in fomenting, the mutiny in the Bengal army. But we think that we cannot be far wrong in asserting our belief that the KING himself has been an instrument rather than an agent. It is difficult to fathom the depths of Oriental guile. A very poor creature may be a very astute and very successful intriguer. Still, we believe that the King of OUDE, like the Princes in this country, has cleverer people about him than himself; and we apprehend that the real offenders will be found a step lower than the Royal Family. WAJID ALI has not the personal energy, and he has not the bad passions of VIZIER ALI; but the King's name is a tower of strength, and sitting in his villa on the banks of the Hooghly, the former Prince may commit more murders than the reckless assassin of Benares who led his own bravos to the attack. Whatever may be the result, whatever the retribution—whether WAJID ALI end his days like the murderer of Mr. CHERRY, a State prisoner at Calcutta, or be reserved for the enjoyment of greater liberty and the perpetration of more mischiefs—we trust that we shall hear no more of the King of OUDE. The fate of the King of DELHI is of course sealed; and now we presume that the WUZEER will suffer the same titular demise as his former master, the MOGUL. We can appreciate the clemency which forebore to strip the symbols of sovereignty both from the ancient Emperor of HINDOSTAN and the King of yesterday by our own sufferance. But we appreciate still more the wisdom of the following passage in the last-published despatch of the East India Company relative to the annexation of Oude:—

Half a century ago our new and critical position among the Mahomedans of North-Western India compelled us to respect the titular dignity of the Kings of Delhi. But the experiences of that half century have abundantly demonstrated the inconveniences of suffering an empty nominal sovereignty to descend from generation to generation. The continuance of such a phantasm of power (in the case of the Oude family) must be productive of inconvenience to our Government, and, we believe, of more mortification than gratification to the royal pensioners themselves. It fosters humiliating recollections; it engenders delusive hopes; it is the fruitful source of intrigues that end in disappointment and disgrace. The evil is not limited to the effect produced upon the members of the royal house. Prone to intrigue themselves, they become also a centre for the intrigues of others.

We presume that the most patriotic opponents of the "ignominious tyrant of Leadenhall-street," would, in these

times, hardly venture to suggest that the total extinction of the titular sovereignties of Delhi and Oude is not now imperatively demanded, both on the score of policy and of humanity. We have swept away, righteously or unrighteously, wisely or unwisely, many of the great Hindoo and Mahomedan sovereignties; and it has been but a mistaken kindness to leave to any one of these deposed Princes the miserable, but still dangerous sham of a recognised royal title. What are these names but rallying-points for disaffection? Of what use are they but to raise delusive hopes, and to bring the unfortunate title-bearer, perhaps *malgré lui*, to perdition? We hope that we have now seen the last of these Kings *sans-terre*, and that there will be no more "palaces," into the recesses of which the ordinary processes of the law cannot penetrate within the territories subject to the British Government. What have they ever been—what are they ever likely to be—but great styes of pollution? The soul sickens at the thought of the number of women and children now imprisoned in the Delhi "palace," and of the terrible scenes that may be enacted if the retributive European army, in hot blood, enters that enormous brothel. It almost makes one dread to receive the tidings of the fall of Delhi. But from that day the palace will cease to exist as a royal refuge; and we can hardly doubt that it will be the last privileged home of unutterable crime which the British Government will ever suffer to be reared in any part of its Eastern dominions.

THE REALITY OF DEMOCRACY.

THERE is a certain class of English politicians whose eyes are always turned towards the United States, as a sort of political Promised Land flowing with the milk and honey of liberty, fraternity, and equality. Mr. BRIGHT and Mr. COBDEN are only the most prominent members of a section which embraces a large number of persons respectable both by their characters and their abilities. We are as far as possible from wishing to depreciate their intellects or to misrepresent their intentions. We do not suspect them of any desire violently to change the framework of our national institutions. The philosophical disciples of democracy are too sensible and too patriotic to wish by a sudden stroke to substitute a President of Great Britain and Ireland for Queen VICTORIA. In this respect, fortunately for England, her political theorists have always differed from those regenerators of mankind who appear from time to time to accomplish their beneficent mission in Continental communities. Happily for us, our reformers, whether they addict themselves to the sceptical imperialism of HOBBS, or to the classical democratism of ALGERNON SIDNEY, are content to leave us what we have got, and to trust to the convincing force of their own reasonings, without descending into the streets to enforce conclusions to which they themselves are but half-hearted converts. Nevertheless, it is by no means immaterial where men place their *summum bonum*; for in that direction—unconsciously perhaps, but surely—their weight will incline, and their influence, whatever it may be, will determine. There certainly are to be found men taking an important part in public affairs in this country, whose minds seem to be pervaded with the idea that the pattern which should govern all our projects of reform is the model Republic which has grown up to such an astonishing height out of the graft of the Anglo-Saxon stock. Without avowing in public (or perhaps hardly to themselves) a deliberate intention to recast the English Government after the fashion of American institutions, it is evidently to that standard that they are perpetually referring as the type of political excellence, and it is clear that those projects find most favour in their eyes which tend most nearly to assimilate English society to the American pattern. We know that these gentlemen find something very alluring in a system which, avoiding the "barbaric pomp" of bags and swords, arrays itself in all the simplicity of swallow-tail coats and pants. Above all, they look for the realization of the true millennium in which the lion shall lie down with the lamb, from the universal spread of that commercial spirit which, in their imagination, is the harbinger of goodwill towards men. A land of universal suffrage, where landlords are unknown—where newspapers are cheap and spirituous liquors dear—where there is no privileged class—where there are plenty of schools and no workhouses—what wonder if this is the paradise of those philosophers

who refer all the evils which befall mankind to pauperism, drunkenness, ignorance, or oppression? If self-government means simply a negation of all other government, it is a principle which can be seen nowhere in such perfect operation as in the United States of America. But those who happen to agree with us in thinking that government really is a substantial want, and that large societies of men can scarcely remain ungoverned for any length of time with advantage to themselves or safety to their neighbours, may find, in a study of the present internal condition of America, some very striking and useful lessons.

We should like to hear Mr. COBDEN's solution of the chronic condition of private war under which the principal cities of the United States seem to be perpetually labouring. Most of our readers have read the accounts of the Baltimore riots, where men fought in the streets for days and weeks together, like the Spanish and French in the streets of Saragossa. It was only the other day that we read in the American correspondence of a contemporary—"Civil war was raging in New York on the afternoon of the 14th. The rioters of the 14th Ward were making extensive preparations for a renewal of the conflict. An incendiary hand-bill was circulating, calling a mass meeting to put down the metropolitan police. A meeting had also been held at the German Theatre, in Fourth Street, to make arrangements for the attack. The rioters are reported to have a field-piece, and plenty of muskets and ammunition. The Police Commissioners are preparing for them at all points, and three regiments had been ordered to report themselves at the armouries." We borrow from another letter the account of another and perfectly distinct disturbance. Speaking of the cholera and the measures taken to prevent its approach, the writer proceeds thus:—"It is the better opinion among medical men that the health of New York was saved last year by the course pursued by the health officers, so that public opinion will uphold them this year in the same course, however small may be the real danger. The neighbours of the new quarantine stations rebel at having the infection put off on them. The place has been preserved for the last two months against organized attacks by the presence of a strong police force. Even this did not avail on Sunday last. The oystermen made an attack upon the proposed hospital in three separate bodies, and caught the police napping. Shots were interchanged—with revolvers by the police and muskets by the assailants—and the latter were driven back, some of them fatally wounded. The sheriff of the county confesses his inability to preserve the peace, and the military are ordered out." The same correspondent adds another item to the list of the democratic amenities which seem to be the natural progeny of the much-admired system of self-government:—"Simultaneously with this outbreak the Germans in New York got up another riot—not quite as destructive as the 'Dead Rabbit' Irish row of the 4th, but otherwise quite a respectable rebellion, even in these riotous times." The affair seems to have had its origin in the determination of "Avenues A and B" to resist the laws lately passed for regulating the sale of liquors. "A fight," says the writer, "ensued, which was kept up at intervals throughout the day, and was renewed yesterday in a serious way. The rioters drove the police out, and took complete possession of their own part of the town." The most remarkable feature of these riots is, that they do not arise out of any national political excitement, nor are they produced, like the occasional disturbances in the manufacturing districts in this country, by want of employment and food. These rebellions against law and order are not the desperate acts of ignorant and famished men—they are the political fruits of a society which hardly knows what poverty is, and which boasts itself the most educated community on the face of the globe. "The outbreaks of the past month," continues the same writer, "indicate a feverish feeling in the people which is undoubtedly played upon by others who wish to aid it for their own purposes. The metropolitan police are resisted at every step, and it is apparent that their authority can be established only by force. In all the conflicts up to this time they have not been strong enough to suppress the rioters. They have invariably had to fall back upon the military and the Minié rifle. It is plain that the law has not the support of the metropolis; if there were any strong public sentiment in its favour, these petty outbreaks would have been long ago suppressed."

It is not our business to reconcile the existence of this state of society with the theories of what used to be called the Manchester School. In America, all the conditions

which, according to their philosophy, are necessary for human perfectibility, are completely fulfilled; yet this is the result. In a country where a standing army hardly exists—where there are no game laws, no lords, not even a baronet—where the head of the State appears on great occasions in a round hat—we find a condition of things which could scarcely be produced in England by such a war of classes as was kindled by the Reform Bill. The extraordinary violence and growing pugnacity of the public mind in America constitute one of the most striking features of its social and political condition. It is one which, to those who know that hostility to England is the one resource of Transatlantic statesmen against domestic troubles, is of a sufficiently alarming import. Our object, however, is not at present to dwell on the bearing of this state of things on the foreign relations of America. It is rather to suggest to our Benthamite friends that possibly the whole mystery of Government does not consist, as they seem to believe, in teaching people to read newspapers, and say the multiplication table, and then, if possible, giving them plenty to eat, vote by ballot, and leave them to do as they please. The Americans have constituted a society on these principles, and we see that the result is as little like Mr. COBDEN's vision of a Paradise of Peace as the America of CORTEZ was to the Eldorado of RALEIGH.

THE IONIAN ISLANDS AND THE BRITISH PROTECTORATE.

FOR want of better amusement, the stereotyped Irishman of Donnybrook Fair is accustomed to divest himself of his upper garment, and trail it on the ground behind him through the most crowded booths, in order to pick a quarrel with the first person who may wittingly or unwittingly tread upon his coat-tails. He does so in the most serious earnest, with an unflinching determination to use a formidable shillelagh, and with a perfect indifference whether Pat or Larry wear the head upon which it is to be employed. With the difference that they are not in earnest, that they have no very formidable shillelagh to use, and that their trap is baited for one individual in particular, the Ionian Islanders, as represented by their Legislative Assembly, pursue a similar course of action. They are always dragging after them some garment or other, in the hope that the Protecting Power may doubly gratify them by committing the insult of treading on it, and by suffering the inconvenience of being tripped up thereby. Perhaps the most rational excuse for their conduct is the wish to identify themselves with the *ἰόνες ἐκχιτῶνες*—the coat-trailing Ionians—of the Homeric hymn.

The latest demonstration of this peculiar characteristic of Ionian nationality, some account of which has found its way into our journals, and elicited an explanation in our Parliament, appears to have been as absurd in its origin as it was necessarily futile in its results. A petition presented by some philanthropic or phil-Ionian individual to the House of Commons, for the concession to the Ionian Islands of a right of representation in the British Parliament which was never yet granted to any British colony, is, according to Mr. LABOUCHERE, the only imaginable foundation for the rumour—which served as a handle for the puerile and insolent outbreak in the Ionian Assembly—of a petition, circulated by Government agency in the island itself, for the colonization of Corfu. It is needless to speculate whether the alleged misunderstanding, or any other equally fantastical apprehension, was the real basis for the Assembly's clamour. Had the British Government been anxious to provide itself with grounds for such a scheme as the colonization of Corfu, it would have been too wise to rest its case even partially upon so weak a document as a mysterious memorial got up and signed through the underhand influence of the Corfu native police. If the Assembly had been really afraid of such a measure, they would have waited—and they would have done wisely to wait—till the injurious footmark of the foreign annexer had left a more visible note of his purpose on the garment of their nationality. What they wanted was a cue for an effective demonstration—a brilliant *bouquet* of Philhellenic fireworks to illuminate the close of their legislative session; and they succeeded so far as to make or find one. The ordinary result may be looked for when the smoke has passed away.

As a demonstration of genuine popular feeling in the Ionian Islands, the conduct and the resolutions of the

Assembly cannot be taken as more valuable evidence on the one side than the supposed petition would have been on the other. Freedom of debate in the Septinsular Republic means, among other things, the freedom of being heard debating. The collected representative wisdom of the United Ionian States, consisting of some forty members, habitually legislates in the presence of nearly ten times that number of loving, but not always respectful or respectable, constituents and countrymen. DEMOS in the galleries is apt to express very freely his satisfaction or dissatisfaction with the sentiments uttered by CLEON or NICIAS below; and the patriot is unduly tempted to speak up to his sympathetic audience, while the unpopular Government supporter, or Devil's Advocate, is equally discouraged from using his best endeavours in the cause of his client. DEMOS has, it is said, on some occasions, even dropped down sticks, or committed other inadvertencies, upon the heads of unpopular members while speaking. Whatever be the truth of this last allegation, it is obvious that no serious deliberation can proceed in such a chamber without being prejudiced by the unrestrained and unlimited presence of the mob of Corfu. The history of the Assembly has, in fact, furnished more than one illustration of the power which a minority, backed by a mob, has to paralyse a not very self-reliant majority. With a highly nervous and excitable Southern race, the tyranny of the four hundred in presence is quite sufficient to blunt the moral courage, or warp the indefinite convictions, of those who are elected to represent, not them alone, but the population of the islands generally.

Some such moral intimidation is apparent in the description of the late scene in the Chamber. The ADVOCATE-GENERAL, who sits in the Assembly as the sole official representative there of the English Government, must have strangely forgotten himself or his position before he could utter the words with which, if correctly reported, he closed the debate—"that the union with Greece must depend on time and circumstances." It may be free for the elected members, some of whom entered the Chamber as avowed Rizospasts or Separatists, to put upon record all sorts of seditious and quasi-treasonable protests against the maintenance of the dominion of "the foreigner" in the Ionian Islands; but it is certainly grossly inconsistent with the duties of the sworn and retained servant and mouthpiece of the Protecting power, to utter, in his public character, words admitting even the vaguest possibility of the eventual cessation of the Protectorate under which his office is held. If the Ionian native officials imagine that they can thus reconcile the service of the British Mammon with that of the deity of Panhellenism, it will become the duty of Diabolus, in justice to himself, to find more reliable agents and advocates. No man can serve truly without faith in that which he serves.

Ridiculous as this farce of the Ionian Ajax defying the British thunder really is, it is not the less both scandalous and mischievous that the performance of such a farce should be possible. It is too scandalous a misuse of the forbearance of the protecting State, and too mischievous a trifling with the interests of the protected community, that one Parliament after another should act as a chronic deadlock to the better administration of the Ionian Islands, and that the chief and most anxious efforts of every successive Lord High Commissioner should be devoted to the negative task of deferring, eluding, or tiding over each session which they are by law entitled to hold. The mischief is recognised and lamented over by many among the Ionians themselves, and the scandal is seen, gladly or sorrowfully, by all; but it is for us to deal with both the one and the other. The knot will never cut or untie itself. Unless some active measure be taken by the British Government to remedy or neutralize the results of the ill-considered reforms of 1848, and to suspend the use of the liberal institutions which were then granted to a people quite unfit for them, we cannot even hope that the Ionian Parliament will sink by the mere force of its own absurdity, from its present position as a dead weight and drag upon the political machine, to the still lower deep of being a contented nonentity. Its tendency, if unchecked, will be in the opposite direction. It will become more and more offensively impertinent, and more and more outrageously obstructive. It is for the English Government to say when and how a check should be applied to the evil, once for all. Then, and then only, will the Ionians have a fresh chance of being well governed.

But the requisite check will certainly not lie in the

newly-professed bugbear of Ionian liberalism—the exclusive colonization of Corfu. England does not intend, for the sake of rendering the administration of Corfu more effective and more easy, to abdicate her rights over, or repudiate her duties towards, the other islands of the Septinsular State confided to her by the Treaty of Paris. The self-sacrifice which, with such uncalled-for generosity, the other six islands, by their representatives, expressed themselves ready to undergo for the sake of their sister Corcyra—namely, the renunciation of the longed-for union with Greece, except in her company—is certainly one which they will never have the opportunity of making. In truth, the self-sacrifice would be on the part of those who accepted, not of those who refused, such an union, as the merchants of Zante and Ithaca would not be long in discovering—Corcyra would be the gainer at the expense of her less fortunate sisters. Even if the military occupation of Corfu alone were sufficient for the maintenance of our position in the Greek seas, we could not honourably abandon the southern islands to the certain evils of so powerless, unprincipled, and corrupt a Government as that of their relatives and neighbours; nor could we run the risk of fostering a fresh nest of outlaws or pirates in the territory thus abandoned. We are bound to the protection of the Ionian Islands jointly as well as severally; and it would be no answer, in the judgment of history, to a breach of trust towards our other *protégés*, that we have discovered a fitting method of administering the government of Corfu. We may have to work out many theories of Government besides that of our own constitution, before discovering the form most applicable to the Septinsular Republic; but the Ionians may rest assured that we shall continue to protect them all alike, and, if we are wise, we shall take measures for protecting them better than we have done of late against their most troublesome enemies—themselves.

SMITH O'BRIEN REDIVIVUS.

IT has often been remarked that a man's surest way of ascertaining what opinion his neighbours have of him is either to get a report of his death into circulation, or to become a candidate for some public office. It is immaterial what office—the post of parish constable or M.P. answers equally well. Then it is that we know, if not ourselves, at least the world's judgment of us. And there is another side to the matter. If we learn what our neighbours think of us, we get some valuable knowledge of our neighbours in return. An election makes an exhibition of other than the candidates. It shows up, among other things, the undiscovered meannesses, and littlenesses, and trickeries—the grovelling, sordid tempers—the envy, hatred, malice, and uncharitableness of our very good friends in the county, borough, or parish. A pending Irish contest, for example, has just been taken advantage of by Mr. SMITH O'BRIEN to give us his notions of Sir THOMAS REDINGTON; while, by way of complement, we have got a public exhibition of Mr. SMITH O'BRIEN himself. In showing up the Saxon oppressor, the Irish Patriot has shown up himself. Mr. SMITH O'BRIEN has contrived to make the Patriot—at least the Irish Patriot—both name and thing, for the future impossible. Patriotism, which used to be the last refuge of a scoundrel, now seems the patrimony of what the proverb intimates to be the alternative of a knave. Mr. SMITH O'BRIEN is certainly not a knave. Like ULYSSES, he has of late seen many cities, many men; but he returns, neither wiser nor better than when, for his country's good, and at his country's expense, he visited the colonies. There are men on whom neither prosperity nor adversity have any effect. In certain characters this temper becomes heroic—in others it is the very reverse of heroic. The wise and brave man—the philosopher, especially, of the stoic persuasion—subdues his passions; but in the lower human organizations there are none to subdue. It is not every one who can pass through nine years of his mellowing or corrupting middle age and be neither wiser, nor better, nor yet worse for that fatal period which settles other things besides our poetry. Mr. SMITH O'BRIEN has had a very eventful nine years of it. He has had the rare luck of heading a rebellion, such as it was—of being found guilty of high treason, though of the very pettiest type. He had not the good luck to make a name by being hanged, but he was consigned to the very unromantic lot of transportation, and in due time was pardoned and sent

home, like a foolish person as he was, in the hope that he would not make a fool of himself again. And for some twelve months we imagined that all this discipline had told. It would have told with most people; but Mr. SMITH O'BRIEN is not as other men. Here in 1857, he is exactly what he was in 1848. The attempt to be reasonable and to exhibit common sense since his return from Australia, has been too much for him—he has broken down under the endeavour to cultivate the ordinary proprieties of rational existence.

When, soon after his return to his native country, he was applied to on some public question, he exhausted on that single occasion all the discretion and decency of his nature; and, having a good deal of the leeway of folly to retrieve by this accidental deviation into common sense, he has made the most of an opportunity which, by the way, he forced. He has quite come up to his old self. Mr. MARTIN O'FLAHERTY's correspondent is equal to the hero of Widow BLAKE's cabbage garden. Like some other celebrated men, heroes and politicians, Mr. SMITH O'BRIEN cultivates the arts both of pen and sword. JULIUS CÆSAR, FREDERICK the GREAT, SULLY—everybody knows the schoolboy examples of those warriors and statesmen who, after life's fitful fever, dedicated their declining years to commentaries, and chronicles, and memoirs of their own times. Mr. SMITH O'BRIEN has followed this pattern. He, too, has written the annals of the Irish Rebellion; and, like many of the well-known masterpieces of contemporary history, his record consists of personal reminiscences. To be sure, the subject-matter of them is confined. At present we have only the history of “the celebrated portmanteau;” and, thanks to Mr. SMITH O'BRIEN's narrative, the portmanteau is likely enough to be celebrated. It is the very glorification of solid leather. Many curious things have been the subjects of poems, or memorials, or meditations before this. A volume has been written about a journey round a room—sofas and broomsticks have been celebrated in prose and verse—and now we have the history, and the “authentic history” of “the celebrated Portmanteau.” Hitherto, it appears, there has been much of mystery and uncertainty about this notable wallet. O'FLAHERTY writes in doubt and difficulty to O'BRIEN about it. He requests information. By all their friendship, by all the ties of patriotism, kindred, and alliance, the sole possessor of the dread secret is conjured not to let it die with him. Whereupon, partly for the interests of society, and partly by way of relieving his own accumulation of bilious spite and folly, Mr. SMITH O'BRIEN relates the romantic history of what happened nine years ago to the depository of his dirty shirts. Mr. SMITH O'BRIEN, the pardoned traitor, has not only not learned to forget, but it seems he has done his best to tax an unhappy memory to recall, what a man of sense ought never to have remembered, what a man of honour would be thankful to conceal, and what any other ticket-of-leave man would have the decency not to talk about. He can look back at the scene and the period of his folly and wickedness for the sole purpose of insulting those who were kind to him in the most contemptible and pitiable moment of his life; and the whole interest of the day when he levied open war against the United Kingdom centres in his vivid personal recollections of the very miscellaneous contents of a receptacle of “visiting-cards and medical prescriptions.” Other exiles have, we believe, carried with them into banishment memories, sweet or bitter, of their native land. It is a commonplace to represent disappointed patriots lingering over the hour of their failure, if not with pride at the thought of a noble enterprise foiled, at least with a chastened and sad commemoration of their former hopes and aspirations. Not so Mr. SMITH O'BRIEN. He is none of your ARISTIDES or KOSSUTHS. For nine years he carries with him the memories of the old black portmanteau. In Australian solitudes, and in the ancestral mansion to which the clemency or folly of England has restored him, he broods over—or more likely imagines—what he calls the incoherence of General MACDONALD. The magnet of his thoughts was neither his country nor his unsuccessful rebellion—he thought but of his trunk:—

. the poet sings
That a sorrow's crown of sorrows is remembering happier things.

Mr. SMITH O'BRIEN's crown of sorrows was the set of studs abstracted, as he suggests, by Sir THOMAS REDINGTON; and all the good that his crime and its forgiveness have done him is, that he is shameless enough not to see his own folly in dwelling with evident satisfaction on the details of the

most discreditable day of his life, while he is so insensible to the ridiculous as not to discover that his letter to Mr. MARTIN O'FLAHERTY is calculated to injure the silly faction for whose future we draw the most sanguine expectations in the fact that it takes counsel of Mr. SMITH O'BRIEN.

THE TRIAL OF BACON.

THE trial of Thomas Fuller Bacon at Lincoln Assizes, for administering poison to his mother with the intention of murdering her, closed one of the most singular histories ever made public by the Criminal Courts. Just a year ago, Bacon was tried and acquitted at Lincoln for burning his own house at Stamford. After his acquittal he removed to London, where, about three months back, he was again tried, and again acquitted, on the charge of having murdered his two infant children; and he was at length convicted, last Saturday, of attempting to murder his mother.

The circumstances of the case are extremely curious. It was clearly proved, on the occasion of the last trial, that Bacon's wife was subject to the dreadful disease of homicidal mania, and that under the influence of it she had taken the lives of her children. Bacon himself, however, by his abject folly, cowardice, and falsehood, contrived to involve himself in suspicions which, as generally happens, excited all sorts of rumours about his former life. He was accused not only of having burnt his house, but of having murdered his father and his mother. Such stories are almost always current about conspicuous criminals; but in this case they had more foundation than usual. The body of the mother, who died in May, 1855, was disinterred, and the internal organs were found to be preserved in a manner which is a strong indication of the action of arsenic; and a chemical analysis ultimately succeeded in extracting arsenic from various parts of the body, into which it could only have been carried by the vital action of the living organs. From the doctor, a daughter-in-law, and two nurses, a pretty complete history of the state of Mrs. Bacon's health, and of the circumstances and symptoms of her last illness, was extracted. It appeared that up to the March before her death she had always had good health; but in that month she had an attack of illness, which differed only from the secondary symptoms of arsenical poisoning in the circumstance that it was not shown to have been preceded by the primary symptoms, which are identical with those of an ordinary bowel complaint, and might therefore well escape observation at the time, or be forgotten afterwards. Standing alone, these symptoms were taken to indicate disease of the brain, for which she was accordingly treated. Her health was never completely re-established; and on Sunday, the 13th of May, she was attacked by what the doctor at the time supposed to be English cholera. She got better on the Monday, and worse on the Monday night, when symptoms resembling those of her illness in March presented themselves, and increased until she died on the Tuesday evening. During the two years which elapsed between the death and the exhumation, the brain had decomposed, so as to make it impossible to disprove the theory that the fatal symptoms had arisen from disease of that organ; nor was the total quantity of arsenic found so great that it must have caused death. For these reasons, the only charge pressed against the prisoner was that of having administered the poison with a murderous intent.

The evidence successfully offered in support of this accusation was entirely circumstantial; and it deserves notice as forming what to us, at least, appears a very remarkable instance of the weight which juries will sometimes attach to evidence of that kind. Circumstantial evidence is that in which the jury are called upon to infer, for the purpose of convicting the prisoner, the existence of facts which are not proved; and in Bacon's case they certainly seem to have drawn rather strong inferences both positive and negative. The circumstances given in evidence range themselves under the three heads of motive, opportunity, and the possession of the instrument of death; and as each class of facts designated the same person, the united effect of all was of course much stronger than the single effect of any one. The motive suggested for the attempt was the prisoner's desire to succeed to certain house property owned by his mother, and it was proved that he took possession of her rent-book during her illness, and received the rents after her death. The rent-book, however, was taken openly and avowedly; and, with the exception of an expression easily explainable, there was no evidence to show that he appropriated the rents, whilst it appeared from the statement of the counsel for the Crown that he was not entitled to the whole of them. This circumstance, therefore, was common to him and to others against whom there was no suspicion. The opportunities of administration were no doubt considerable, for from her seizure to her death, Mrs. Bacon was in her son's house, and he was in constant attendance upon her. There was, however, no sort of proof that he did in fact administer to her anything whatever, except on one occasion, when he gave her from a bottle what the witness who saw it supposed to be peppermint; but as he gave this, whatever it was, in the presence of a third person who was actually leaving the room at the time, little suspicion can attach to the circumstance. The fact on which the greatest weight was laid by the prosecution in connexion with this part of the case,

was the nature of the commencement of the illness. When the family returned from church on the Sunday, Mrs. Bacon asked for a plate of some soup which was preparing for the little boy, and was sick whilst in the act of eating it. Dr. Taylor could only mention one instance in which the operation of arsenic was thus instantaneous in its effects; and it did not appear that Bacon had any personal concern with the preparation or administration of the soup in question. These circumstances seem, to say the least, to leave considerable doubt whether arsenic was administered on this occasion. It deserves notice, that the only proof of this incident was a statement made by the deceased, in the presence of her son. If he had been out of the room when she made it, the statement would have been inadmissible—the origin of the illness would have remained in obscurity, and the prisoner would, in all probability, have been acquitted. The possession and procuring of arsenic were, no doubt, by very much the strongest part of the case against Bacon. It was proved by the chemist from whom the poison was bought, by a witness called in by the prisoner himself, in compliance with the Act of Parliament, and by a boy who was the prisoner's apprentice at the time, that Bacon bought about an ounce of arsenic on the Tuesday before his mother's illness; and that he said first that he wanted it "for hardening iron," and then that he wanted it to kill rats. The statement as to the iron was clearly false; but some slight circumstances appeared in cross-examination, which seemed to render it not altogether improbable that there might have been rats in the cellar at the time. The coincidence of the procuring of the arsenic with the illness and the subsequent discovery of arsenic in the body, are unquestionably facts which justified the very strongest suspicion—which, again, is greatly enhanced by the circumstance that a falsehood was told about the use to which the poison was to be put. The points urged for the defence upon this head were, we think, slight and weak. It was said that arsenic might have been wanted for some lawful purpose, several of which purposes Dr. Taylor mentioned; and it was observed that a man who was undefended, ignorant, and in prison, might well forget, or, at any rate, be unable to supply proof of such a purpose, if it existed. Considerable weight was also laid upon the fact that the arsenic was bought in the most open manner; but this was met by the observation of the Judge who tried the case, that any mode of obtaining poison is advantageous to the poisoner, inasmuch as secrecy may insure impunity, whilst openness will always furnish a topic for the defence.

Omitting various circumstances as to the prisoner's behaviour, which were perhaps as consistent with his guilt as with his innocence, these were the facts which, as the jury found, proved, beyond all reasonable doubt, the prisoner's guilt. We do not quarrel with the verdict. Mr. Justice Erle expressed his entire accordance with it, and the jury returned it almost without hesitation. Indeed, though they left the Court, they were not absent from it for more than five or ten minutes, so that it was perfectly obvious that the topics urged upon them made hardly any impression on their minds. Almost the only case in which Bentham was betrayed into one of those slips which give little minds the satisfaction of triumphing over their superiors, was on the occasion when he made his famous proposal that juries should give in their verdicts according to a sort of graduated scale—"we think it ten to one, seven to one, five to one that the prisoner is guilty or innocent"—and that punishment should only be inflicted when a certain degree of certainty was obtained. In this instance, the common law appears to us to have been far once wiser than the great legal reformer and philosopher. The effect of its provisions is to make a certain ascertainable, though unascertained, degree of probability, indispensable to the infliction of punishment. No man, it says, shall be punished unless some twelve persons, qualified in a particular manner, are prepared to say that the evidence against him leads their minds to a conviction of his guilt on which they rest. Endless difficulties may be raised about the meaning of such words as "certainty," and endless tests, more or less ingenious, have been suggested for the purpose of ascertaining what doubts are reasonable. One thing, however, is perfectly clear—every one knows what it is to be in doubt on a matter, and what it is to be free from doubt about it; and the law says in effect, "Let twelve men be once placed in a state of certainty by legal evidence—by reasons, that is, which the law allows to be assigned—and that is enough. If, for example, the appearance of the prisoner, or his behaviour on his trial, left no doubt of his guilt on the minds of the jury, they could, if they chose, convict him, and the test would be fulfilled; but the reason why that test is selected is that it is extremely improbable that it would, in point of fact, be fulfilled on those or any other slight grounds. In a few words, the duty of the jury is to inform the court of the state of their own minds; and this simple view of the matter cuts through all such tests as whether the evidence is inconsistent with the prisoner's innocence. In every case there is some doubt, and the only question is, whether the doubt in any particular case is or is not such as to hold the minds of the jurors in suspense.

What, then, were the doubts in this case which were not in the jury's opinion weighty enough to prevent them forming a conclusion? There was clearly a doubt whether the prisoner administered the poison. Between his purchase of it and his mother's death there is, with the exceptions stated above, a blank

in the story. In Palmer's case there was the administration of broth, which sickened a servant who tasted it, and of pills which were immediately followed by fatal symptoms. In Madeleine Smith's case, the suggestion on the part of the Crown was that there were repeated interviews, and illness after each interview, but in Bacon's case there is simply the purchase and the death. Was there no room for accident, or for administration by others than the prisoner during that interval? The jury thought not, and no doubt they were entitled to think so; but if the life of the prisoner had depended on their verdict—and we do not well understand why it did not—we doubt whether they would have been so confident. It was suggested to the jury that the prisoner's wife might have poisoned her mother-in-law; and though the prisoner's counsel was prevented by a merely technical objection (the absence of the record of the trial) from proving that she had killed both her children in a fit of madness, the fact is perfectly notorious. The strongest peculiarity of the disease of homicidal mania is its intermittent character. This woman was in the house during the whole of the illness; she herself administered broth to the deceased on one occasion, and was constantly with her; and except the absence of any purchase of arsenic by her, and of any direct motive for the crime—which, however, might be supplied by madness—the evidence bore as much against her as against her husband. It may indeed be suggested that she may have been the man's tool, but this ought not to be assumed without proof; and it was urged by the counsel for the Crown, who took the most unusual course of claiming a right to reply as the representative of the Attorney-General, that she ought not to be "loaded with new crimes"—whereas, if the suggestion of the prisoner's counsel was well founded, she was guilty of no crime at all. It certainly seems rather bold to say, in a case of such importance, that these possibilities are not enough to induce reasonable men to suspend their judgments, and it will have been rather hard upon Bacon if he is held to penal servitude for life upon evidence on which he would not have been hung.

One observation upon this trial suggests itself, which is not without weight for all who are interested in the prospects and condition of the bar. A gentleman, it appears, was "requested by the Court" to undertake the defence of the prisoner. We think that this practice is one which stands much in need of regulation. Unprofessional readers can scarcely be aware of the objections to it as it stands at present. When a prisoner, tried on a capital charge, is not defended by counsel, the Judge asks any member of the bar who happens to be present to defend him, and the consequence is that men are called upon, on a few minutes' warning, to discharge one of the most arduous and responsible tasks that can fall to the lot of an advocate. In London, it is usual for the sheriff to instruct counsel some time beforehand to defend in such cases. In France, any member of the bar is liable to be *nommé d'office* to undertake any defence, and men of the very highest professional eminence are constantly called upon to defend gratuitously in capital cases. Some years ago, M. Chaix-D'Est-Ange, whose position in Paris answers to that of Sir Frederic Thesiger or Sir Fitzroy Kelly in London, was called upon to defend gratuitously a common soldier who shot his officer at Versailles.

It is only in the most exceptional cases, and by the persuasion of the highest fees, that the more eminent members of the English bar ever enter a criminal court; and in such cases as that of Bacon, the prisoner's position is most pitiable. It may and often does happen on these occasions that few barristers are present, and that those who are are young men learning their business. Such matters ought not to be left to chance. The practice of assigning counsel to undefended prisoners might, we think, be largely extended, with the greatest advantage both to the bar and to public justice; but arrangements ought to be made to secure the competence of the persons selected, and time enough ought to be afforded them to master their cases. It is hardly necessary to say that we refer to the system only, and not to the particular case in question. It would be impertinent to say anything in praise of Mr. Justice Erle, and we have no wish to speak with disrespect of the gentleman who conducted the defence.

THE MAYO ELECTION.

DURING the present week the House of Commons has taken two strong measures with regard to the county of Mayo. It has suspended till next session the issue of a new writ, and it has directed the Attorney-General for Ireland to prosecute two Roman Catholic priests, who made themselves conspicuous in intimidating voters at the last election. These measures were adopted on the suggestion of the Committee who sat to hear the petition presented against the return of Mr. Moore; and a bulky Blue-book, containing the evidence taken before the Committee, has been issued to show that the suggestion was warranted by the circumstances of the case. In several ways this Blue-book is a curious document, and throws light on many features of Irish political and social life. It is not cheerful reading, being characterized by that indescribable dreariness which attaches to everything Irish when presented in a large quantity. But from its pages we may gather a notion of the conduct attributed to Messrs. Conway and Ryan, and the story is worth reading, both as a specimen of priestly interference and as a morsel of genuine Irish rioting. We do not mean to say that we have collected

together every particular that may be found in the interminable pages of this book of evidence, but we shall, we think, be able to state succinctly what it is that these reverend gentlemen are said by their adversaries to have done. Their friends give a gentler and more favourable version of their behaviour, but we must confine ourselves to the statements of the attacking party, both because they are more definite and coherent than those of the other side, and still more because their authenticity comes to us under the sanction of the Committee.

The Mayo Election was held on Monday, the 6th of April, and two following days—the candidates on the priestly side being Mr. Moore and Captain Palmer; and the interests of the landlords, both Catholic and Protestant, being represented by Colonel Higgins. On Sunday, the 5th of April, the Rev. Peter Conway, the priest officiating at Ballinarobe, denounced Colonel Higgins from the altar after the conclusion of mass, terming him "a consummate scoundrel," stating that he "had sold himself body and soul," and affirming that "the curse of God would follow every man who voted for him." On the afternoon of the same day a body of voters, pledged to Colonel Higgins, were brought from Claremorris to Ballinarobe, in order to be ready to vote the next morning. As they entered the town they had to pass through a lane skirted by a wall. On this wall, kneeling or leaning, was Father Conway, with a group of his followers, to whom he was calling out, "The curse of God, and the curse of the flock, to any one who votes for Higgins." The appeal was responded to by a volley of stones from the hands of the ruffians attending him; and the Claremorris voters were in considerable danger, until Mr. Bourke, who led them, presented a pistol at Father Conway, and threatened to shoot him, unless he desisted from his attempts to infuriate the mob. The Father then got frightened, and left the scene.

Two other incidents of violence also belong to the same Sunday. A horse and cart were sent to take hay into Ballinarobe, to supply provender for the horses of voters for Colonel Higgins, and Father Conway and his attendants falling in with this, scattered and destroyed all the hay. And secondly, as Colonel Higgins was entering Ballinarobe soon after nightfall, he was attacked by a mob headed by Father Conway, who shouted out, "At him, boys," and a shower of sticks and stones flew after him. On the Monday morning, Father Conway attended at the polling booth, uttering menaces, and even shaking his fist at voters whom he distrusted. So violent was his conduct, that on Tuesday he was threatened with arrest. On this he thought prudent to withdraw. But in the evening he felt convinced that the priests' candidates were sure of their election, and that nothing could give Colonel Higgins a chance except his adversaries committing themselves. Accordingly on Wednesday morning he issued a placard enjoining peace and an orderly demeanour in his flock, in the name of the Immaculate Virgin. This fine and calming edict has, as we read it, something of the effect produced by the description in Scott's *Marmion* of the blessing bestowed by the abbot on the erring nun, when that unfortunate lady was on the point of being buried alive.

The Rev. Luke Ryan was, if possible, more uproarious and violent, though scarcely so active, and certainly not so influential. On Sunday, March 22nd, he read aloud from the altar at Kilmenna Chapel a printed list of voters in the parish, commenting strongly on those who might be expected to vote for Higgins; and he concluded by saying that if the devil came up, he would vote for him in preference to Colonel Higgins. On the following Sunday he announced to his parishioners that if they were dying he would not give absolution to any of them who should vote for Colonel Higgins; and as a terrestrial punishment he stated that he would visit them with severe torture, for he would brand them and mark them for life; and, while using refuse water to shave them with, he would cut off their skins—an operation which, if not a bold metaphor, would, we should think, be nearly as disagreeable to the torturer as to the tortured. On Sunday, the 5th of April, he stationed himself at a publichouse in Newport, and there dispensed whisky to all comers, with the object, apparently, of spiriting his followers up to the feat of forcibly seizing and carrying off a body of voters lodged in the house of a supporter of Colonel Higgins. After the voting once began, he does not appear to have been so prominent as Father Conway, and confined himself to escorting his voters to the booth, and giving them a fervent blessing as they polled for Palmer and Moore.

The cases of Fathers Conway and Ryan are much the most important, but there are several others also which show that the system of priestly interference was general, and that it was by no means of that gentle and persuasive kind which Archbishop M'Hale advocates. At least half-a-dozen priests are mentioned who openly denounced Colonel Higgins to their flocks. And the intimidation exercised by these reverend agitators and the mobs who obeyed them, was very successful. We have stories enough to show this. Mr. Burke, a country gentleman, states that he came to Ballinarobe with his father, who was an old man, and who intended to vote for Colonel Higgins. On entering the town he was met by Father Conway, riding on horseback, and a mob of about three hundred persons attending him. The mob compelled the car to stop, and Father Conway said, "You are Colonel Higgins's supporters, so I wash my hands of you," and then rode off to a short distance. Immediately the old man was attacked and severely beaten, and at last he offered not to vote at all if

he were allowed to go home. Mr. Conway, hearing this, made him repeat his promise, and then directed the mob to let him return to his own house. So, again, a freeholder named James Moran, entered Ballinrobe intending to vote for Higgins, but he was stopped by Mr. Conway and his mob. He tried to escape by running across some fields, but he was pursued by the mob and brought back. He was then taken by Mr. Conway and some of his followers and locked up, together with other kidnapped voters. He was kept under restraint for a day, and then was led up to the poll, when he split his vote, although he swore to the Committee that he had no other wish than to plump for Higgins. We have many anecdotes of the same sort, and we cannot wonder, after reading them, that Colonel Higgins lost his election.

The general mass of evidence abundantly justifies the decision arrived at by the House of Commons. There are disreputable scenes at many English elections, but nothing to be compared with the incidents of the Mayo contest. And yet witness after witness expressed a deliberate opinion that, by comparison, this last election was remarkably quiet, and that the priests were not half so violent as it was usual in Mayo for them to be. The natives of the county ought to be good judges, and we cannot gainsay their opinion. But if Father Conway deserves to be reckoned, according to the Mayo standard, a quiet, prudent, peaceable man, the real Mayo agitator must be a monster of bigotry and ferocity. We hope that the lesson administered by Parliament may be taken to heart, and that henceforth priestly zealots and priestly rioters may be afraid to commit themselves so openly.

OUR VILLAGE—NOT MISS MITFORD'S.

IT must be a curious village, that of Elvaston, in the county of Derby. It seems to have every element of what we most pride ourselves upon in this country. A Lord and Lady living in a "Castle," a parson, and a curate seem to be an ample staff for the spiritual necessities of the population. Here are the material and, so to say, official representatives of Church and State, under the highest and most favourable auspices. These, however, might be, and must be, under any form of society, modern or ancient—the lord and the parish priest are perennial, at least in England. But we have something more. At Elvaston we find all those elements which ecclesiastical fictionists invariably introduce into their pattern villages. We have the village school, and the great people at the great house supporting it; and there is a subscription going on for restoring the church, *selon les règles*; and then the curate drops in to luncheon at the Castle, just as he does in Miss Sewell's stories, where the scene is always laid in Castles, and the *dramatis persona* are never below the Baronetage. Besides this, as in the novels, my Lady is so kind and affable. She regularly "receives the sacrament," and enters into conversation on family matters with Catherine Smith and the gamekeeper—cautions one about her morals, and is anxious to get the other a place. O gentle Arcadia! O happy sheep and happy shepherds! Happy Elvaston! happy in its Lord and Lady, whose title is Harrington—happy in its vicar-shepherd, whose name is Highmore—happy in its curate the shepherd lad, whose name is Jones—happy in its annals, which are written in the records of the present Derby Assizes and the newspapers of Thursday!

Turn the picture round, however, and let us have a look at Elvaston from another point of view. "Highmore, clerk, v. the Earl and Countess of Harrington—action for slander—verdict for the plaintiff; damages 750*l*." "There was another action against Lord Harrington for an assault, arising out of some vestry meeting." That is to say, the Vicar of Our Village brings his action against the Lady of the Castle, and gets very considerable damages—as, indeed, he fully deserved them, if only half of the foul language passed the right honourable lady's lips which Mr. Jones, the curate, swore to. Lady Harrington is, it seems, a very religious dame, though, as the sequel shows, she certainly has drawn more from imagination than from experience, both in her religion and in her conversation. However, she is religious; and so highly does she honour the most sacred ordinance of religion, that, going far beyond the simplicity of most people, she considers the sacrament itself profaned by passing through unhallowed hands. Then she makes a point of preparing herself for the higher exercises of religion, especially on its more solemn celebrations—Ash Wednesday and Easter Day, for example—by serious converse with her spiritual adviser. The staple of her meditations is upon the ministers of religion; and she exhibits a very edifying interest in the general morals of the parish of Elvaston. Especially has she the interests of the Vicarage deeply at heart. Her enthusiasm on this topic knows no bounds—certainly her tongue knows none. We may condense and abridge her eloquence somewhat as follows:—"That man Highmore is so wicked, I never take the sacrament of him—he is so wicked. He keeps the sacrament money, and never gives any to the poor—he pockets the money given for church repairs. He is a drunken character—always playing at cards from morning to night, and gambling, and encouraging the people in drunkenness and debauchery. He and his wife are constantly rolling drunken on the floor. He keeps a most disreputable house—is a mountebank and a rider at Astley's." Besides which, her ladyship goes on to connect Mr. Highmore's name with one "Ellen Winson," after a manner which is intelligible enough.

All this is sworn to by a clergyman. Such was Lady Harrington's language to Mr. Jones the curate. So he deposes; and Lady Harrington goes into the box and gives a version of what she said, of which it is enough to remark that the jury so highly valued her Ladyship's explanations and abatements that, in spite of them, she has to pay 750*l*. for her pleasant chat with Mr. Jones. And what is the moral of all this? Simply, that ladies ought to be very cautious how they talk, especially with curates. Miss Sewell and Miss Yonge on one side, and Miss Sinclair and other Misses on the other, are in the habit of furnishing us with the most charming drawing-room dialogue between the noble and clerical characters. But, for aught we know, these confidences very often are of the Elvaston type. "Type," we say, because unquestionably, they do things at "the Castle" in a higher way than at the ordinary squire's hall. The Countess's scandal, as befits her rank, is of a bolder character, and in a more finished style. Her epithets are more racy—her language rounder and fuller. She paints, as they say in the studio, with a more juicy brush. "Never gives any money to the poor; is constantly rolling drunk—he and his wife too; always gambling; at cards from morning to night"—this is the feminine style, strong and full in the mouth. It is only, we suppose, at the two opposite poles of female education that we are to expect this fine idiomatic flow of exaggeration. Elvaston and Billingsgate both exhibit the redundancy and elasticity of the English language. This is pretty Fanny's way—she puts the thing strongly, so that you may understand her. She does not mean to be taken literally. Poor stupid, prosaic Mr. Jones, and the unimaginative jury, took her at her word, and made her, not eat it, but pay for it. The poor peeress of the flowing vocabulary was not, by her own account, talking of the vicar of the present, but of some curates of the past—not of the card-playing, and drunkenness, and debauchery at the parsonage, but at the castle in the old lord's time. It was not that the vicar and his wife were disorderly, but that his pupils were—not that the vicar appropriated the church funds, but only that he did not pay them away till they were wanted. It was quite true that in the schools she had written up "No clerical interference allowed," but "she did not sincerely mean what she said to Catherine Smith." Perhaps she did not seriously mean anything. Well, we are very much afraid that Our Village has a good deal of this sort of thing—not so high a style of it as this, but still something in this way. *Non cuius homini*. We do not all get our luncheon at the Castle—certainly not seasoned with this pretty feminine small talk. But even Lady Bountiful does a little in the defamation line. The parson's house and household, his manner of life and conversation, are always fair game to the whole parish. Lady Clara Vere de Vere for sport breaks hearts in the country; but Lady Clara's mother—and for aught that Lady Clara herself thinks nothing of a morning's sport with the parson's reputation, if other topics run short; and, to do them justice, it is only when the house is empty, and other scandal fails, that they hawk at such feeble game as the clerical.

Lady Harrington's fate will, we fear, tend to cut off a recognised resource in several country houses; but the lesson, perhaps, will not be thrown away on those ladies who are apt to think that fact and accuracy are rather commonplace.

THE PRIZES FOR THE PUBLIC OFFICES.

THE award of the judges in the competition for the Public Offices has at last been officially laid on the table of the House of Commons, but not until it had lost three quarters of its present interest from the announcement of the Chancellor of the Exchequer (repeated on Thursday by Lord Palmerston) that it is not the intention of the Government to ask during the present Session for the supplies necessary to build the Foreign and the War Office. In the meanwhile, the seventeen sets of prize designs have been thrown in, to enhance the interest of the Wellington Exhibition. We have not, of course, the least objection to this. On the contrary, we wish some means had been taken to keep together the entire collection, in order that the public might have enjoyed the reasonable and constitutional right of testing for itself how far the judges had shown themselves equal to their responsibility. Nothing would have been needed but to find out some other locale for the exhibition of the Wellington Models—a task, we feel convinced, of no superhuman difficulty. But if the seventeen prize designs be shown, all that each competitor has sent in ought to have been allowed to form part of the new Exhibition. As it is, with a joint competition for three prizes, the judges framed for themselves a rule which we must characterize as both illogical and unfair—namely, of distributing their patronage so that no competitor should net more than one premium in some one or other of the three classes. We sincerely pity the entangling position in which these gentlemen found themselves involved by having to confront a Cerberus-like array of competitors—three heads to almost every body. But they had no right to make their own task easy to themselves by an act of such questionable justice towards the men whose fate lay in their hands. Yet even if we excuse this, we make no progress towards the justification of the Office of Works for cutting up the designs and for eliminating all the eliminable portions which belonged to the other categories. We say all

the eliminable portions, for in no small proportion of the whole the architects have, as they were justly entitled to do, lumped both buildings in the same drawing. There was absolutely no want of space to show their entire productions, for the drawings actually exhibited merely fill the end screen and that to the right hand in Westminster Hall, while the screen which used to line the left-hand wall, and which might perfectly well have been retained, has been swept away.

The greatest sufferers by this dismemberment are the three prizemen for the block plans, of whom the first at least had produced elevations corresponding to his plan, the exhibition of which he had the right to demand, in explanation of his scheme for laying out the area. We have already described at length the grandiose projects with which this gentleman (M. Crepinet) seeks to mollify the economic heart of the House of Commons. We now leave its more distant and impossible elements to the consideration of the Duke of Northumberland and the proprietors of Hungerford Market (both of whom would be dislodged), and merely remind our readers that his plan for the Offices is a long court from the Park to the river, filled up on the Park side by a building with a semicircular contour closing the view, while, towards the river, the court opens to a new Westminster Bridge, to the north of the existing one. On the whole, it appears to us that no competitor has so completely grasped the spirit of his instructions with respect to ground-plan as this gentleman, and no one so completely exposed its original vice, of blocking out the Park. His reward is the first prize for block plans, and being thrown aside in favour of two incongruous halves—the first Foreign and the first War Office. What claim Mr. Hastings, of Belfast (the recipient of the second prize for these plans), can have had to it, passes our comprehension. His whole scheme appears to us that sort of meagre and crude distribution of all the allotted space—and of a great deal more besides—into parallelograms, which we might expect from the speculative projector of Great Franklin Pierce City, Nebraska. Messrs. Morgan and Phipson come off third, and show a little more originality. After covering the whole space between Parliament-street and the Park with Public Offices in one compressed structure, they devoted the ground between the street and the river to the accesses to their new Westminster Bridge—viz., two elevated routes meeting at the Bridge itself with a sweep; while, in the well-like square which these enclose, is planted a new St. Margaret's Church. We have no great fear that Messrs. Morgan and Phipson's projects will ever receive the fiat of Government or of the House. But the danger to be apprehended is the execution, before we well know where we are, of the two designs by Mr. Coe (assisted by Mr. Hoffman) and Mr. Garling for the Foreign and the War Offices. No doubt these gentlemen have each of them merits as far as their ground-plan is concerned; and we assume that these were the turning-points of the decision. Mr. Coe casts his Foreign Office into the form of a building containing two quadrangles—the pile intermediate between them being, on the first floor, devoted to a large saloon, entered by staircases at each end, and communicating with all the corridors, which are, generally speaking, furnished with a direct light. Mr. Garling, with more ability, presents us with four quadrangles, a central octagonal hall being provided at the juncture of the internal constructions which make these quadrangles. From this hall large corridors branch off like the arms of a cross, and communicate with others running round the building—the latter corridors mostly enjoying a direct light from the internal courts. We can safely bestow considerable praise upon this plan, and we can praise that of Mr. Coe to a moderate degree; but we can in no way applaud the absurd device of erecting both these buildings side by side. The merit of Mr. Garling's suggestion consists in its concentration—Mr. Coe's shares in the same praise to a less degree. But when the two buildings were erected as separate units, with a street's width between them, and with eight external façades of course to be provided, then, as a whole, this merit disappears, and the combined national accommodation for the War and the Foreign Departments will be as conspicuous for bad economy of space as it might have been deserving of approbation for the reverse, if recourse had been had to the commonsense expedient of one single palace of administration. When that third mysterious Colonial Office, which has not been competed for, nor heard of before, but which Lord Palmerston promised on Thursday, is also built, all these objections will of course prevail in an aggravated degree; for then there will be three distinct structures and twelve façades. The architectural public must keep its eye warily open to this new modification of the ill-digested scheme. We have so often alluded to the blunder which has been committed in fixing the site of the offices between Downing-street and Charles-street, instead of upon a spot further northward, that we shall not further insist upon it on the present occasion.

But we are unwilling to let the occasion pass without a few remarks upon the artistic aspect of the question. We have never concealed our conviction that good taste demands that the style of the new Palace should, for many reasons, be Gothic. This conviction, we believe, is shared by the great majority of thinking persons outside the governing coterie. But even if it were not so, we see no ground for inflicting on us two—probably three—Italianizing constructions, the dissimilarity of whose spirit must infallibly prove mutually destructive, embodied as it will be in buildings identical in general bulk and shape, and ranged in the closest proximity.

In general effect, no doubt, Mr. Garling, who reproduces the Renaissance of France, would be superior, were he original; but the close approximation which he makes to the Hotel de Ville at Paris, in his general scheme, his central pavilion, and his raised corner roofs, would subject us to the remarks of every travelled foreigner if we closed with his proposition. Mr. Coe's more commonplace building, on the other hand—which, by the project, is to face the Park—will give the impression of an overgrown hotel at a watering-place, with one of Wren's city spires perched on its north-west angle next the parade, to hold the dinner-bell. The details which this gentleman exhibits carry on their face the undeniable evidence of great cost and inadequate result. The style, moreover, is (by courtesy), we suppose, Venetian—Venetian, that is, modified to suit English wants, and a northern climate—while, as we have said before, Mr. Garling reproduces France. *Exitus ergo quis?*—long estimates, and general dissatisfaction.

We have dwelt so long on the first prizes that we need only add that the second prize for the Foreign Office has been carried off by Messrs. Banks and Barry, for an ingenious, but no way remarkable, exercise upon the theme of the actual Treasury, worked up by additional stories and Renaissance roofs. The gentleman who occupies the parallel place in the War Office Competition is M. Botrel d'Hazeville, of Paris. We trust that he is duly pleased and duly surprised at his sudden greatness. In his surprise, at least, he will find us thoroughly sympathetic. When we have said that his views are embodied in a Renaissance garb, we have literally expressed the only definite idea which we can gather from his tame and commonplace designs. Mr. Roehad, of Glasgow, follows him with drawings carrying more sail, but not more ballast; while the third place for the Foreign Office is filled by Mr. Scott. Upon the remaining eight prizes we have no further comments to add; only we must note, as we have been requested, that Mr. Buxton, who, in company with Mr. Habershon, carried off a prize for the Foreign Office in Flamboyant Gothic, is an amateur and an M.P. The plan, it seems, is due to Mr. Habershon (who was also a prizeman for the War Office with an Italian design), while the elevation was drawn by Mr. Buxton.

We have hitherto sedulously confined these remarks to our own independent opinions. In conclusion, however, of our series of articles upon this competition, and in proof of the forethought which distinguished the whole arrangement, we beg to quote a few sentences from the Judges' Report—sentences, of course, written under all those restraints of courtesy which their position made imperative:—

In making these recommendations, we desire to observe, in the first place, that we were not in possession of any knowledge as to the sum which Her Majesty's Government might propose to the House of Commons to expend upon these works. The designs before us were unaccompanied by estimates, and did not admit of any accurate calculation with regard to their probable cost.

Of the block plans we desire to remark, that we would not be supposed to approve of all the extensive alterations and demolitions recommended in the selected designs, which we nevertheless believe to contain many valuable suggestions.

With regard to the designs for the Foreign and War Departments, a difficulty presented itself in consequence of several of the competitors having sent in designs combining, in one building, more or less unfitted for subdivision, both the public offices for which distinct prizes have to be awarded, whilst others have either confined their efforts to one of the buildings, or have given separate designs for each.

It will be evident that these united designs compete under considerable disadvantage with the single designs, and that unless a united design should be superior in both departments to all its single competitors, it could not receive a prize, because one portion of it could hardly be executed without the other.

We have been obliged to meet this difficulty by treating the lower prizes as marks of distinction for merit rather than as indicating special selection of the design as fitted for separate construction.

We have now done with the competition; and we shall henceforward treat of the rebuilding of the Public Offices on its own merits. The question is whether a matter carried out on terms which elicited such observations from the adjudicators, is one with which the nation ought blindly, and as of course, to close.

THE THEATRICALS AT THE GALLERY OF ILLUSTRATION.

IT is not often that amateurs can successfully rival professionals. They may be brilliant, original, and zealous; but there is a finish and a confidence about persons who make an occupation the business of their lives which occasional adventurers can rarely attain. But we must say that there is nothing to be seen at present on the English stage which equals the *Frozen Deep*, recently performed for a charitable purpose by Mr. Dickens and his friends. The interest is sustained throughout, and, with one or two exceptions, the acting is first-rate. We could not wish to see a better melodramatic performance than that of Mr. Dickens in Richard Wardour. There is much in dramatic art which is of a higher kind, and we cannot tell at what point Mr. Dickens's powers might fail him; but in the representation of the sort of part which fell to him in the *Frozen Deep*, he is admirable. His acting is quiet, strong, natural, and effective. It appeals to the imagination of the audience; it seems to convey more than the expressions or the situations can account for, and yet is free from exaggeration; it is a work of art, but the art is concealed; it is

the studied embodiment of a conception, and yet appears the simple exhibition of a real character.

The *Frozen Deep* is a clever and well-constructed piece, and affords considerable scope for good acting. Four ladies are supposed to be residing in an old country-house, cheering each other while their nearest and dearest friends are away on an Arctic Expedition. One is anxious for a husband, one for a brother, a third for a father, and the fourth for a lover. The young lady who sorrows for the absence of her betrothed has another cause for alarm. Before she met and loved him, she had been beloved by an old play-fellow, Richard Wardour, a man of dark, fiery passions, but with a tender heart; and unfortunately she had not rejected him so explicitly as she ought to have done. When, therefore, he returned from a long voyage, and found she was betrothed to another, he told her he could forgive her perfidy, but he would revenge himself on the man who supplanted him. The second act takes us to the Arctic regions, and there we find Richard Wardour, who has joined the expedition in order to get as far as possible from the scene of his disappointment. The explorers being blocked up, determine to send out a party across the ice, to seek for assistance. Frank Aldersley, the lieutenant of one of the ships, is chosen by lot to be one of those sent out, and the captain asks Wardour to break up for firewood the berth of the departing officer. He does so, and finds, from a carving on the wood, that Frank Aldersley is the accepted lover of his old mistress, and the man whom he has been burning to discover and wreak his vengeance on. Accident opens to him an opportunity of joining the party who are to leave the ship. He seizes on it, in spite of the warnings of the captain, who knows enough of his history to be sure that his thoughts are dangerous. He goes away with Frank Aldersley, and vows that in the loneliness of the "frozen Deep" he will have his enemy's blood. In the third act, the ladies having joined an expedition sent to relieve the original explorers, have been successful in their search, and the whole party are assembled on the shores of Newfoundland, except Wardour and his victim. As they are walking on the shore, Wardour appears in the last stage of debility and destitution, and soon comes Frank himself; for Wardour's heart has been touched—he has struggled against temptation—and instead of killing his rival, has saved his life at the cost of his own, by dragging him over the ice. Wardour dies in the arms of the object of his love, whom her betrothed entreats to watch over the last moments of the man who has behaved so nobly to him; and so the play ends.

There is much that is effective in the author's conception of Wardour; but unquestionably the part derives its chief interest from the way in which it is rendered by Mr. Dickens. The sullen bluntness, and the utter recklessness to his own fate, with which Wardour is first seen mixing among his companions—the burst of wonder, madness, and jealousy with which he discovers the secret of the carving—the irony with which he wards off the good advice bestowed on him by the friendly captain—are all alike telling and admirable. The dying scene in the last act requires even still greater powers, for the whole feeling has to be wrought up to a high level; and yet the slightest overstraining, the least excess of sentimentalism, would make the scene insufferably unreal and absurd. To see it acted as Mr. Dickens acts it shows what a genius for the art can achieve. A farce followed the *Frozen Deep*, and Mr. Dickens took the part of a dogmatic, irritable, gay old man, with remarkable spirit, fun, and humour. It was not so great an effort as his Richard Wardour, but it was in its way as perfect.

Much of the subordinate acting, also, was exceedingly good. We may especially mention the success with which Mr. Egg played John Want—a grumbling ship's cook, in the *Frozen Deep*—and the odd, broad humour of Mr. Mark Lemon, in Friend Thomas, an old butt and boon companion of the irascible old gentleman in the farce. We should think it beyond our province to praise ladies whose names only appear before the public because they are engaged in a work of charity; but we may venture to express the pleasure with which we listened to the conversation of a stage drawing-room, pronounced with the accent and tone of a real drawing-room. Every one accustomed to professional theatricals must, on this occasion, have felt how novel a charm it was to hear the ladies of a play talk like ladies. The performance also derived a great additional attraction from the beauty and taste of the scenery. The drop-scene by Mr. Stanfield, exhibiting a lighthouse washed by a heavy sea, was especially striking.

MUSIC.

HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.

ROSSINI'S *Cenerentola*, which was produced last week, and repeated on Tuesday, affords Madame Alboni an opportunity for one of those wonderful displays of voice and executive skill which place her so high amongst the singers of the day. The air "Non piu mesta," is one of the most familiar and popular which Rossini ever wrote; it has been the subject of a thousand variations, arrangements, and adaptations; but Alboni contrives still to reproduce it with unabated attraction. The very ornaments themselves she contrives to load with ornament; and so faultless and complete is the execution of the whole, that not a note is shunned, evaded, or lost—the most complicated and ornate

passage is warbled as clearly and distinctly as the simplest melody. Besides this air, the opera has not much to recommend it. The plot has little in common with the story of our beloved little nursery heroine of the glass slipper. The Italian librettist has made sad work with the romance; nor is the music of Signor Rossini much more germane to the matter, though it abounds with brilliant passages well adapted to show off a great singer's voice. The scene "Un segreto d'importanza" is, however, one of some reputation. It is that in which Dandini, the valet of Prince Ramiro, who has changed clothes with his master, and has consequently been mistaken by Don Magnifico and his two daughters for the Prince himself, reveals to the infatuated Don the real state of the case. Signor Belletti, who is thoroughly master of the Rossinian style, gave this piece in an excellent manner. Don Ramiro is not a character which enables a singer to distinguish himself particularly; but Signor Belart by his performance of it confirmed the good opinion which we have already formed of his vocal powers. We cannot say that Signor Rossi's Don Magnifico is more racy than his Dulcamara. The concerted piece, a septet, at the end of the first act, was remarkably well sung. The strength of the opera principally lies in the concerted music. It contains few airs that can be carried away, like those in *Tancredi* and *Il Barbiere*. With a really appropriate cast, it might still be effective; but it is impossible to disguise the incongruity of giving the part of the heroine to a voice and person so robust as those which Alboni possesses. Taken alone, her singing of "Non piu mesta" is perfection, unsuitable as the song is, in every way, to the personage into whose mouth it is put.

On Thursday night, *Le Nozze di Figaro* was produced to a house as crowded as any we have seen this season. Why have we not more opportunities of hearing this exquisite music? Why should it be reserved for the few extra days of reduced prices? Have the classes who are the habitual supporters of the opera ceased to appreciate Mozart? These are questions which greatly puzzle us. We have heard the opera more perfectly performed than it was on Thursday, but we hardly recollect an occasion when the audience seemed more thoroughly to enjoy it. Madlle. Piccolomini is not in all respects the model of Mozart's Susanna; but she threw into the part her own peculiar gaiety, which seemed to infect all the other singers. She showed herself also admirably *au fait* as to the music, which she executed throughout in the neatest manner. Madlle. Ortolani, as the Countess, sang respectably. She was best, perhaps, in the duet "Sull'aria" with Susanna, which the audience encored. Madlle. Spezia has a good figure for Cherubino the page, but was hardly sprightly enough for that mischief-making youth. Her song, "Voi che sapete," met with an encore. Belletti's Figaro was, as usual, an admirable performance. He sang the glorious air "Non piu andrai" with the greatest possible gusto, and repeated it, the audience being in a particularly encoring humour.

Signor Beneventano's Almaviva, without being a very brilliant performance, was not inefficient. He sang the duet, "Crudel! perche finora," very fairly, and shared with Madlle. Piccolomini the honours of the encore which followed. The ridiculous scene where Figaro denies the letter—"Conoscete, Signor Figaro, questo foglio," and the words, "Schiatti il Signor Conte al gusto mio," sung by Susanna, Marcellina, Bartolo, and Figaro, were likewise repeated—the latter a third time—amidst the roars of the audience who thoroughly enjoyed the humour of the scene. Signor Belart filled up the somewhat insignificant part of Basilio in a most effective manner. On the whole, we may say that no opera has been produced with more completeness and effect this season—none in which the concerted music has gone better—none in which the orchestra has proved itself more efficient. This is artistlike, and creditable to the company.

REVIEWS.

FRENCH LITERATURE.

WE have before us one of the most remarkable contributions to the historical literature of France which even the nineteenth century, so rich in historical productions, has given to the world.* Its author, M. Poirson, has devoted fifteen years to its composition, and we should add that the Académie Française has shown its sense of his great merits by awarding him the *grand prix Gobert* which for so many years remained the monopoly of Augustin Thierry. This history of the reign of Henry IV. has been well called by M. Michelet a perfect encyclopedia of the times. Art, commerce, literature, every phase of national development is laid before us with a fulness of detail which more special works on each particular subject rarely surpass. There have hitherto been two Henry IV.'s. The one is a good easy "bonhomme," who drank like a fish, kept swearing by "ventre-saint-gris" throughout the livelong day, and was never known to be guilty of any worse action than furnishing the theme of Voltaire's *Henriade*—no slight offence, it must be owned. The other is a flagitious, perjured Gascon, setting at nought the laws both of God and man, ready to sell his own

* *Histoire du Règne de Henri IV.* Par M. Poirson, ancien Professeur des Lycées Saint-Louis et Charlemagne, Conseiller honoraire de l'Université. Paris: Louis Colas. London: Williams and Norgate. 1857.

conscience and to make a bid for that of his neighbour, putting on a virtue as he might put on a doublet, and changing his faith as he might change his shirt. Between the ideal picture and the coarse caricature—between Péréfixe and D'Aubigné—M. Poirson has hit a happy mean. The true likeness of Henri IV. will henceforth be sought for in these volumes, and there it will assuredly be found. The writer's impartiality is so great that it exercises a somewhat painful effect on his style. He seems to be perpetually on his guard lest some expression of undue vehemence, either in praise or blame, should escape from his pen. And this causes, in the first instance, a sense of monotony which is apt to repel the reader of these volumes. We advise him not to desist on that account from their perusal. As he advances further on in the work, he will find himself so enamoured with the logical clearness and equable warmth of conviction with which it is composed, that he will gladly recognise the author's claims to figure from henceforth among the classical historians of France.

As we pass from M. Poirson to M. Michelet, we feel that we have entered into a wholly different world. The one never allows his impartiality to abandon him—the other makes it his boast that he is thoroughly and with his whole heart partial. This new volume of the History of France is entitled *Henri IV. et Richelieu*,* and, opening with the "Ligue de la Cour contre Gabrielle," in 1598, brings us down to the siege of La Rochelle, in 1627-1628. It was published immediately after M. Poirson's work, to which one of the notes in the appendix alludes. M. Michelet complains (we think unjustly) that in painting the *King*, M. Poirson has forgotten to give us the *man*. Accordingly he dwells at greater length on the love passages in the life of the monarch, than M. Poirson has thought himself called upon to do. We cannot conceive a more interesting or instructive task than to take this and the previous volume of M. Michelet and compare them with M. Poirson's work. The one, a man of undoubted genius, reaches on the wings of imagination what the other climbs to on the ladder of thoughtful painstaking research. The one is a brilliant painter, prodigal of colour and of startling effects—the other a scientific photographer. To the student of history, however, the photograph is, perhaps, of greater value than the highly coloured canvas. Both, however, agree in bringing out into due relief the importance of the reign of Henri IV. as something more than a prelude to the *grand siècle*. The parallel ceases with the regicide Ravalliac. M. Michelet then passes on to Richelieu, unaccompanied by M. Poirson. The twenty-first chapter opens with a most masterly description of Richelieu à propos of the portrait in the Louvre by Philippe de Champagne, which no one but M. Michelet could have written. Thoroughly characteristic is the following sentence, but we believe it to be as thoroughly true—"Si l'on veut ignorer solidement et à fond Richelieu, il faut lire ses Mémoires." In common with many other productions of the same class, they seem to have been intended by their author more as an *ignis fatuus* to mislead than as a beacon to guide the historian. Marmont's recently-published memoirs are eminently a case in point. The description of the siege of La Rochelle is another of the gems of a volume from which we take leave with reluctance, so tempting are its contents.

We now come to more recent times—the reign of Louis Philippe.† We pass from the founder of the House of Bourbon to the latest occupant of its now fallen throne. M. Nouvion has set himself to recount the events which took place in France from 1830 to 1848. Public opinion, he conceives, has too generally taken its tone with reference to this period from the angry and calumnious diatribes of an unscrupulous opposition press. And while he would studiously refrain from rushing into the opposite extreme by indulging in a one-sided strain of fulsome eulogy, he thinks it high time that the memory of Louis Philippe should be vindicated from unjust charges by a sober statement, not of opinions, but of facts. Of his success in this undertaking, it would, perhaps, be hazardous to pronounce an opinion till the work has made further progress; for at present we have only the first of four volumes before us. This carries us down from the last years of the Restoration to what was considered the mysterious death of the Prince de Condé, in August, 1830. Of course, the writer's object in the present volume is to justify the advent of Louis Philippe to the throne, and to exculpate that monarch from having had any hand in supplanting the elder branch of the House of Bourbon. The policy of Charles X. was so thoroughly insane and suicidal that it seems altogether superfluous to go in search of any other clue to the downfall of his government. "Les fautes du gouvernement de Charles X. les événements qui en naquirent, voilà par quels conjurés le Duc d'Orléans a été porté sur le trône. Il ne s'est pas même prêté à les secourir." We feel no hesitation in saying that M. Nouvion has in this particular made good his point. The elaborate statement of facts, backed by *pièces justificatives* into which he enters on this head, is sufficient to shake the convictions of any but the most rabid Legitimist. We shall look anxiously for the sequel to this volume.

Last year, the Académie des Sciences Morales et Politiques proposed the following subject for a prize:—"Exposer et

apprécier l'influence qu'a pu avoir en France, sur les mœurs, la littérature contemporaine, considérée surtout au théâtre et dans le roman." We have now before us the work which carried off the prize.* On many readers of French novels, and admirers of the French stage, the perusal of M. Poitou's volume will inflict a kind of dismay, such as might be felt by a man who discovers that he has been feeding for years at his favourite *restaurant*, not on ordinary healthy viands, but on cats, rats, and toads, ugly and venomous. When the teaching contained in the light literature of France, during the last thirty or forty years, is looked at by itself—apart, that is, from the "thrilling interest" of the plot—we feel amazed at the forbearance we displayed in not throwing the novels of a Sand or a Sue into the fire. We think it not improbable, however, that in common with many novel readers who read something else than novels, we skipped as dull, instead of scouting as damnable, the particular passages which M. Poitou has so carefully excerpted. Far otherwise has it been with those who make novels their all in all—who look up to a Balzac or a Bayle, a Dumas or a Sue, as the prophets of their country, and the teachers of their race. These are they who feed the fires of revolution, and sap the foundations of religion—who confound lust with love, look upon morality as a bye-word, and on family ties as a bore. Demoralization wide and deep was the natural result of such intellectual aliments. The anarchy of 1848 and the despotism of 1852 were the legitimate fruits of a literature which had systematically taken for its motto the words of Tacitus—*Corruptum et corruptum sæculum vocatur*. Proof of what has here been advanced will be found in full in the pages of M. Poitou's excellent and very temperate publication. He divides it into two parts—"Morale de la littérature contemporaine" (which is itself subdivided into "morale privée et morale publique"), and "Influence de la littérature contemporaine sur les mœurs (privées et publiques)." The work is one which deserves to be widely known and attentively perused. It is the fashion in some quarters to look upon the general distaste for the impurity of French novels as a piece of fastidious prudery, and the marvellous talent of their writers is put forward in extenuation of their outrages on decency and morality. M. Poitou's thoughtful analysis of these works will induce men to hesitate before they accept any plea in mitigation of the depravity which animates their writers.

We have received a new volume of Didot's *Biographie Générale*.† It extends from Madame Geoffrin to Goerres, the author of the *Christliche Mystik*. Among the most interesting articles are those on Gersen (if there was a Gersen) and Gerson, the reputed authors of the *De Imitatione*. The writers of both decide for the French origin generally of this immortal work, and more especially for the fact of Gerson being the author. The very existence of Gersen they seem to consider somewhat problematical. Among the arguments, however, which may be considered fatal to the French origin of the book, we see no mention made of one which is the more important as it rests on internal evidence wholly free from suspicion of design. We cannot at present quote chapter and verse, but there is a passage in the *De Imitatione* which speaks casually of the "sacerdos" wearing a cross "before" and "behind." Writers who are learned in these matters assure us that such a vestment was not in use in France till long after the probable age of the work. Evidence such as this is worth a whole host of loose statements and traditions. An excellent article on Gibbon is free from any of the deficiencies we have sometimes complained of with reference to English names. The scientific value of the book is well illustrated in the article on Cuvier's great rival, Geoffroy Saint-Hilaire. Interesting, too, are the notices of Gérard de Nerval, Madame de Girardin, and other writers of the day, concerning whom it is not otherwise very easy to have access to accurate information. Each succeeding volume seems, if possible, to be more conscientiously executed than its predecessor.

We have now to notice two works‡ which derive their chief importance from being "signs of the times." They have both of them reached with rapidity a second edition. Had it not been for this mark of the favour they find with the public, we should have passed them over in silence. Messieurs Dollfus and Lanfrey may both of them be considered as types of that impatient hostility to all revealed religion which is the inevitable fruit of religious indifference among the masses, and ultra-montane intolerance among the clergy. If the Gallican church be desirous of doing all in her power to corroborate Napoleon's famous saying, *La France est de la Religion de Voltaire*, she has nothing to do but to pursue, with a steady disregard of all prudence, reason, or decency, that infatuated course on which she has entered under the protection of the Imperial ægis. With M. Dollfus we have no disposition to quarrel. A whole gulf separates us from him in the way of religious opinions, but the spirit of the book is good, and the honesty of

* *Henri IV. et Richelieu*. Par J. Michelet. Paris: Chamerot. 1857. London: Jeffs. 1857.

† *Histoire du Règne de Louis Philippe, Premier Roi des Français, 1830-1848*. Par Victor de Nouvion. Tome Premier. Paris: Didier. London: Williams and Norgate. 1857.

* *Du Roman et du Théâtre contemporains et de leur influence sur les mœurs*. Par Eugène Poitou, Conseiller à la Cour Impériale d'Angers. Ouvrage couronné par l'Institut. Paris: Durand. London: Williams and Norgate. 1857.

† *Nouvelle Biographie Générale*, publiée par MM. Firmin Didot Frères sous la direction du Dr. Hoefer. London: Williams and Norgate. 1857.

‡ *Lettres Philosophiques*. Par Charles Dollfus. Paris: Michel Lévy. London: Jeffs. 1857.

P. Lanfrey. *L'Eglise et les Philosophes au Dix-huitième Siècle*. Paris: Pagnerre. London: Jeffs. 1857.

the author beyond dispute. Some of the thoughts it contains are singularly beautiful, and show a man of deep feeling and extensive reading. Of M. Lanfrey we must speak in very different terms. His work is nothing but an intemperate tirade against the teachers, and through them against the truths, of religion, with an apotheosis of all that was worst in Voltaire, more remarkable for its effrontery than its ability. As a symptom of the kind of disease which religious intolerance ever propagates, the book deserves to be read. The responsibility of the blasphemies it contains rests not so much with the author as with those whose narrow bigotry and questionable lives have goaded on a strong and dangerous reaction.

Another "sign of the times" is the eloquent protest against the mania for speculation which has recently been published by M. Oscar de Vallée,* one of the leading members of the Parisian magistrature. His title he borrows from La Bruyère—*Les Manieurs d'Argent* being the name with which that shrewd observer stigmatized the usurers and speculators of his day. He takes as his text the memoir published against *agiotage* by the Chancellor d'Aguesseau of glorious memory, and his object is to draw a running commentary on his own times by comparing them with a not dissimilar state of things at the commencement of the last century, in the days of Law and Terrasson. At the close of this appeal to the experience of the past, he looks about for some remedy for the evils of the present. But, *quid leges sine moribus?* France is daily becoming more and more demoralized. Everything has been done to pander to her appetite for materialism and luxury, and to keep down her aspirations after all nobler thoughts and purposes. She has only two outlets allowed her for her pent-up passions—religious rancour, and speculation at the Bourse, two evils of which it would be hard to say which is the most grievous. Meanwhile we must not despair so long as she numbers among her sons men as zealous in doing battle for the good and the right as M. Oscar de Vallée.

We have little to offer in the way of light literature. As faithful chroniclers we must not, we suppose, pass over in silence the *Roman Alchimique*† of M. Louis Lucas, a work which has had an immense success among the Parisian public. We suppose the writer intended it to be a kind of vehicle for social, philosophical, and aesthetic theories; for such topics are largely interspersed throughout the work. Not to these, however, we apprehend, must be attributed the favour it has met with in France, but rather to the quagmire of indecency in which the concluding chapters land the reader. The hero is under the influence of a kind of magnetic attraction exercised on him by two ladies, sisters—the one the widow, the other the wife of an English nobleman. Of course he falls desperately in love (as he calls it) with both. For the sequel we refer the reader to the work itself. There is one passage we commend to the notice of Lord Palmerston—"Le plus grand fait politique de notre époque . . . c'est l'expropriation de l'utopie par la speculation . . . Aujourd'hui il y a des fonds pour tout, même pour l'impossible comme cela est patent à l'égard de l'Isthme de Suez." M. Lucas, however, does not make the remark in a spirit of censure—on the contrary, he considers the Bourse the great safeguard against revolutions, and the panacea of all social evils. We are informed that France has left England far behind in the industrial race, by her *audacieuses manœuvres de Bourse*. Were it only for the acquisition of this fact, which we think we may venture to say is "not generally known," we should feel that the perusal of this work has not been time thrown away.

Not at all a bad collection of tales is the *Comédie de l'Amour*,‡ by M. Charles de la Rounat. They remind us of the art with which Marivaux often excites the interest of his readers by a wholly unlooked-for turn or issue of the story. A cheap reprint of the *Gentilhomme Campagnard*§ will also be welcomed by admirers—their name is legion—of the late Charles de Bernard. It is undoubtedly one of the very cleverest novels that ever issued from the French press. It has the additional merit of being free from anything *objectionable*—a word of recognised meaning when applied to French fiction. The same publishers have given us, in that exquisite little *Collection Hetzel*, as it is called, a volume of poems by Louis Ratisbonne,|| the able translator of Dante, and *éditeur* of the *Débats*. The following distich is a neat epitaph on a child:—

L'enfant a deux tombeaux : le moindre est sous la terre ;
Le plus grand est creusé dans le cœur de sa mère.

M. Ratisbonne informs us that his publisher endeavoured to persuade him to give a different title to the volume. "C'est un mauvais titre," said he, "on dévinera que ce sont des vers." The anecdote illustrates the prosaic tendencies of the age. Matters might have been worse, however, for M. Ratisbonne, if the public had failed to discover that the contents of the volume

were poetry on perusal. Of this there is no danger. None of his poems are below mediocrity—some are raised high above it. The volume terminates by a *fantaisie dramatique* on Eugene Aram, which does not seem inviting, as far as we can judge without reading it.

THE CHOEPHORE OF ÆSCHYLUS.*

AMIDST the loud and urgent claims advanced at the present day for the introduction of modern languages and modern science into the course of general education, we still look hopefully to the progress and extension of classical learning in this country. The more the rival schemes of education are tested under the perfect freedom now allowed them by recent changes in our Universities, the more, we are confident, will the importance of the classics be confirmed; and this view seems to be fully borne out by the results of modern experiments as far as they can yet be traced. Mr. Gladstone lately showed how large a proportion of the men of eminence in public life at this moment among us had been trained in the old learning, and how instinctively we seem to turn to pupils of the old school for the best men, even in lines of employment which at first sight appear to have little connexion with it. It might be supposed that if there is one intellectual occupation at the present day which owes nothing to a ten years' training in Æschylus and Euripides, or in longs and shorts, it is political journalism. Nevertheless it is remarkable that, within our own recollection, the ablest critics and declaimers in the newspapers on the politics of the day, have been generally men of academic training, and in many cases men distinguished in the University schools.

While, however, we recognise with pleasure this testimony to the practical value of our old-world studies, we are anxious that there should be progress in them, as in all other things that are in themselves valuable. If, as we believe, Greek and Latin have taken fresh root among us during the last quarter of a century, it is because they have lengthened their cords and strengthened their stakes. If the ultra-conservatives in these matters had had their way, and had confined, as they vehemently insisted on doing, our classical criticism to a classical language as its vehicle, we believe the whole study would, by this time, have been doomed as the foundation of general education. English notes, so much derided and abused, have saved us from this disaster. We required a wider range of criticism, a more modern spirit of investigation. It was not that Arnold—to whom we owe, above all men, the fresh impulse these studies have received among us—might not have written his notes to Thucydides in Latin; but, had he been confined to Latin, he never would have made the researches in history, politics, and geography which have made his edition of that fine old Grecian, with all its technical inaccuracies, a turning-point in the career of our academic instruction. The English universities would have remained isolated from the great current of German scholarship. The vein of Porsonian criticism, admirable in its time and place, would have been soon exhausted—it ran very low in Monck, and lower still in some others—and the study of classics in general would have suffered with the discredit of a decrepit and exhausted school. It would hardly have occurred to men writing solely in a hieratic language, to examine the ancient literature by any other literature than itself. Comparative philology, comparative history, comparative politics, comparative criticism—the sciences which make classics what they now are to us, and what we trust they will long continue to be—would have had no place in education; and classical study, reduced to a dry husk of words and phrases, would have been swept away before the advancing tide of human interests.

Our generation has learnt to make a different use of the best models of classical literature from any that have gone before it, and—let us whisper it in the ear of publishers—it wants, accordingly, new editions of them all. Taking Arnold's *Thucydides* as the commencement of the new series, we refer with pride to the contributions of modern English scholars, of Mr. Long, Mr. Maclean, Mr. Paley, and others, towards this indispensable object. The exposition of Æschylus does not require, like that of Thucydides and Herodotus, that free discussion among the records of modern history, geography, and politics for which the vernacular language is most appropriate; but nevertheless, we think it may be said of Mr. Conington's edition of the *Choephora*, now before us, that it is one which never would have been written had it been necessary still to write notes in Latin. The spirit would have been wanting. Our professor's keen analysis, not of words and sentences only, but of ideas, would have been ill-adapted to Latin. When an earlier writer, such as Hurd, tried to explain the intellectual structure of the Epistles of Horace, he adopted English as his instrument. Can we imagine Dr. Thirlwall's essays on the *Irony of Sophocles* written in Latin? Now, with a close verbal exegesis, Mr. Conington has aimed at interweaving a metaphysical analysis of his subject, such as would never have been attempted by a mere Latinist, or would certainly have assumed in his hands a very repulsive form. Yet this is what we want. Our young readers of Shakspeare study Malone and Collier on one hand, but they

* Oscar de Vallée d'Argent. *Les Manieurs d'Argent. Etudes Historiques et Morales*, 1720—1857. Paris: Michel Lévy. London: Williams and Norgate. 1857.

† Louis Lucas. *Le Roman Alchimique. Les Deux Baisers*. Paris: Michel Lévy. London: Williams and Norgate. 1857.

‡ Charles de la Rounat. *La Comédie de l'Amour*. Paris: Michel Lévy. London: Jeffs. 1857.

§ Charles de Bernard. *Le Gentilhomme Campagnard*. Paris: Michel Lévy. London: Jeffs. 1857.

|| *Le Printemps de la Vie*. Par Louis Ratisbonne. (Collection Hetzel.) Paris: Michel Lévy. London: Jeffs. 1857.

* *The Choephore of Æschylus; with Notes, Critical and Explanatory*. By John Conington, M.A., Professor of Latin, and Fellow of Corpus Christi College, Oxford. London: J. W. Parker and Son. 1857.

delight in Coleridge and Ulrici on the other; and we would have Æschylus and Sophocles set before them, not only by Blomfield and Hermanns, but by Müllers and Thirlwalls also.

Some passages from Mr. Conington's preface will give an idea of what he has attempted:—

This work [he says], as some of its readers may perhaps remember, was announced for publication more than five years ago. At that time I contemplated a series of notes like those which accompany my translation of the *Agamemnon*, and these I had hoped might be accomplished in a very few months. I was prevented, however, from finishing them as soon as I had expected, and meantime my conception of the sort of commentary that was required underwent a gradual but complete transformation. Instead of simply giving my opinion on the various difficulties in the play, which had occurred to myself or to others, I now began to examine my author line by line, and word by word, in the hope of extracting the full meaning, both of the whole and of its parts. I only trust that I may have succeeded in transmitting to the reader some portion of the insight which I have seemed to myself to derive from this kind of study. . . . The chief source from which to look for light is, I believe, the poet himself, who, more perhaps than most writers, abounds in parallelisms of thought and expression. Whether the object is to explain a construction, to represent an image, or to apprehend an idea, Æschylus will generally be found his own best interpreter. Accordingly, most of the illustrations in my notes have been drawn from this or the other plays. Sophocles and Euripides, especially where they write on the same subject, are valuable, as affording a basis for analogical reasoning, and will well repay a closer examination for that purpose than they have yet received: but, like all great authors, each has his marked individuality of thought and feeling—each conceives in his own way of the tradition presented to him, and hardly any testimony from them can bear on the meaning of Æschylus with half the force and directness which we feel immediately when the poet is made to witness in his own cause. . . . I have adopted [he adds] from Klausen the practice of prefixing to each speech, or series of speeches, a brief summary intended to convey its purport as a whole, a practice which I should be glad to see pursued more generally in editions of the classics, as I have frequently observed that superficial students, especially of ancient poetry, are apt to overlook their author's drift, from not being at the pains to divest it of the external form in which it comes to them, and ask themselves what it would be if written down briefly in such language as they are themselves in the habit of employing.

The practice indicated in the last sentence quoted, is undoubtedly a very commendable one; and, combined as it is with a clear and businesslike exposition of the plot and scope of the poem, compared with kindred efforts of Sophocles and Euripides on the same theme, it furnishes the student with all the aid he can require to elucidate the connexion of its scenes and speeches, but not more than he is entitled to, distracted as his attention is by the verbal difficulties he meets at every step, and diverted as his thoughts must necessarily be from the broader lines of argument to the minutiae of sentiment and expression. In his treatment of the text, the Professor uses, on the whole, great forbearance. His success in discovering in many places, by patient and acute analysis, a meaning for lack of which previous commentators had too often allowed themselves to indulge in frivolous conjecture, encourages him to withhold his hand in others where no such meaning has hitherto been elicited, with the conviction that all our resources are not yet exhausted, and that in this direction some further discoveries remain yet to be made. Upon this point the remark in his preface is sensible and manly, and he has fairly acted upon it in the body of his work:—

Surely where, as in the obscurity of the author and the deficiency of documentary evidence may well be the case, an editor is unable to satisfy himself of the true reading of a passage, his business is to give the text as it stands, adding such opinions as may commend themselves to him on the probabilities of the matter. The question is not simply, as some appear to think, between two readings, neither, doubtless, the product of the author, but one making sense the other nonsense, but between a reading which, if not genuine, is the wreck of the genuine one, and another which is confessedly only a makeshift, till the genuine one be found. Unanimity in constituting a classical text is a thing to be desired rather than to be hoped for: but we may at least expect that editors should reform according to their own solid convictions, not rewrite in obedience to baseless and arbitrary fancies, or to the mere authority of a great name.

These general remarks may suffice to indicate how much value we are inclined to set upon this book, both for the student and the scholar. It would hardly suit the scope of these pages to enter more particularly into the character of Mr. Conington's labours, or to examine, line by line, the passages on which he seems to have thrown new light. To one, however, of the most important passages of the play—the *χρημὸς* well-known to scholars (vv. 269–296)—our editor has given a new turn by the slight but ingenious emendation of *βλαστάνει* for *τὰς δὲ μὲν* (v. 279), which we should have been glad to lay before our readers, could it be done clearly, at the same time briefly. In an appendix at the end of the volume, he explains and defends his view at some length—his object being to show that the passage is not prophetic of what shall happen to Orestes in a certain case, but declaratory of what does ordinarily happen to men, *βροτοῖς* (v. 279), who fail to avenge their parents. We allow that the change of one word makes the construction run throughout with comparative smoothness; while, as it stands in all previous editions, even with the help of more than one conjectural emendation, it is confused and disjointed throughout, to the great vexation of spirit of your true commentator. Nevertheless, if the passage be, as has been generally held, a relation by the unhappy Orestes of the pains denounced against himself, what else, we ask, should we expect from a genuine poet but the broken utterance of horror and dismay? Allowing for this, the verses, as they stand, are worthy of Æschylus—worthy, we would say, of Shakspeare. The whole passage presents a climax of horrors. The woe pronounced is triple—1st, Bodily suffering, the usual remedies of sickness turning, in this case, to the direct sicknesses themselves; 2nd, Mental torture, terror and remorse,

under the image of avenging Furies, “mysterious horrors, inflexible, invisible;” 3rd, and worst of all, social interdiction, excommunication from all the charities of life—“solitude unsought, the worst of ills,” as Byron, in the true spirit of Æschylus, has expressed it. With this view of the meaning of the passage, we think that even its irregularities, and the substitution generally of the present for the future, will be found to have a force and emphasis of their own; and, for our own part, we would not willingly exchange them for the tame correctness introduced by Mr. Conington's version.

Our editor, we repeat, has done good service to Greek scholarship in this volume; nevertheless, we are anxious to meet him on his own proper ground, as Professor of Latin, and in the field which, it is understood, he has specially undertaken to cultivate, the works of Virgil. The new professoriate at Oxford is already beginning to bear fruit, though there seems as yet a little confusion in its working. The Professor of Latin gives us an edition of a Greek play—the Professor of Greek plunges deep into metaphysical divinity—a Professor of Divinity disports himself in travels and topography:—

*Torva leena lupum sequitur, lupus ipse capellam,
Florentem cytium sequitur lasciva capella.*

But this will not always be so. This confusion of tongues will clear away, and these able men will each take a pride in adorning his own Sparta. Meanwhile we are thankful for what we have got from them. The discord, if so it may be called, at Oxford, is better than the silence of the professoriate at Cambridge. There was more hope for learning at Babel than at Amyclæ.

STIRLING'S LETTERS FROM THE SLAVE STATES.*

WE believe that when M. de Tocqueville's famous treatise on *Democracy in America* first appeared in an English version, it was hailed by the Opposition to Lord Melbourne's Government as a conspicuous tribute to the soundness of Conservative opinions. So completely had America become the battle-field of English parties, that even the passionless analysis of M. de Tocqueville was assumed to have been undertaken for the purpose of seconding one set of views or the other; and because the great French philosopher had admitted that, in the United States, minorities were sometimes tyrannized over by majorities, he was welcomed by the Tories as having dealt a heavy blow to Liberalism and the English Whigs. We have been gradually learning the foolishness of judging the United States by the standards of English partisanship, but the interesting volume before us is the first seriously written book we have seen which strikes us as completely free from the influence of the old rules of criticism. Mr. Stirling is a firm believer in Free-trade, and a well-trained political economist; and he is evidently as far as possible from thinking that an aristocracy and an Established Church are essential conditions of national prosperity and morality. Such a man, twenty years ago, would have made it a point of honour to shut his eyes to the plainest defects in the institutions of the United States. He would have seen no blots in the past of the Federation, and no clouds over its future. Even faults of policy he would have slurred over or dissembled, and if he acknowledged an inconvenient result of the political machinery, he would have been careful to observe that it was not half so bad as some notorious miscarriage of the worn-out system at home. But in 1857, the changed feeling of the time permits Mr. Stirling to state the results of very sagacious observation with a freedom which could hardly have been looked for in a liberal of the Reform Bill era. Retaining the natural sympathies of a wealthy manufacturer or merchant—for such is apparently his position—with a progressive commercial society, he does not hesitate, from fear of expressing opinions palatable to Conservatives, to point out to us many particulars in which this society is working unevenly or sliding into dangerous grooves. His book may perhaps do something to discourage the propagandism which certain Americanizing politicians seem inclined to recommence now that the Russian war is at an end, while at the same time it is not in the least open to the charge of defending English abuses by indiscriminate vituperation of a people which happens to have got rid of them.

The volume professes to consist of familiar letters, written for the perusal of a friend, and printed pretty much as they were written. We gain one considerable advantage from Mr. Stirling's having published his communications in their original form, inasmuch as the information they give us is of very recent date. In books on the United States this is of great importance, for society and politics march with such prodigious rapidity on the other side of the Atlantic, that the works of the more thoughtful class of American travellers are often antiquated before they are ready for the booksellers. The facts which Mr. Stirling contributes to our knowledge appear to us to be really fresh and new, and to bear directly on the social and political movements of which the weekly mails are bringing us intelligence. For nearly a month we have had accounts of something like anarchy prevailing in New York. Mr. Stirling's letters from the Northern States, which form a small part of his volume, dwell with much emphasis on the new element in American political affairs which has presented itself in the mob-

* *Letters from the Slave States.* By James Stirling. London: John W. Parker and Son. 1857.

population of the larger towns and cities. The institutions of the Northern American States were all fitted, and in some cases expressly devised, for a community of yeomen or small agricultural proprietors. It is, in fact, impossible not to see that the theories enforced and the lines of policy chalked out by the elder worthies of the Federation—the Washingtons, Jeffersons, and Hamiltons—proceed entirely on the assumption that the opinions of an agricultural proprietary will continue to rule the public conduct of the United States, and that town-populations will, on the whole, be less influential than they ought to be. But in the last ten or twelve years some of the leading phenomena of American progress have been the rapid formation of new towns on a large scale, the great extension of existing cities, and, in all of them, the steady growth and increased power of mobs. So far as the Atlantic cities are concerned, the large additions made to the dangerous classes are attributable to the swarming immigration of Irishmen since the year of famine, and of Germans since the year of revolution. But Mr. Stirling notices the same augmentation in all parts of the Union, and we owe to his sagacity the remark that the most efficient cause of all has been the foolish attempt of the American Government to establish a system of Protection to domestic industry. We will not here discuss the circumstances which make American Protectionism an experiment on a par with the plan for extracting sunbeams from cucumbers; but it is a not uninteresting fact that a policy which has failed wholly in some respects, has been only too successful in others. Large bodies of operatives have been collected in the towns, sharing but little in the plentiful profits of regular American labour, and demoralized by all that variableness in the standard of remuneration which is the characteristic of protected manufactures. These men are all Europeans by birth, and have carried with them to America the moral diseases of Europe. It is yet to be seen—and this is the problem which the Northern States have almost immediately to resolve—how Socialist and Communist theories, the suggestion and the product of despotism, will work together with universal suffrage and an elective magistracy. The antagonism of the class which professes these principles to the bulk of the Northern population is shown by the collision between them at the last Presidential election. Mr. Buchanan, says Mr. Stirling, was returned and Colonel Fremont defeated by a coalition between the South and the Northern mobs. The democratic party is, in truth, fast becoming coextensive with the "rowdiness" of the Northern towns; and hence it is that the nightly conflicts at New York between the police and the militia on the one hand, and the populace on the other, are sometimes described by our purveyors of intelligence as part of the issue between the Black Republicans and the Democrats.

Mr. Stirling, as the title of his book indicates, writes chiefly of the Slave States; and his letters, taken in connexion with those of Mr. Olmsted, will do much to give a reasonable direction to the sentimental interest which fastens the attention of Englishmen on the South. The impression left on the reader's mind is that the Slave States, in the manners of the people and the general look of things, are exactly like Ireland before the famine. Half of a great country has gone to seed. In accounting for this we have to remember that the Slave-holding States derive their tone and character, not from the slave-proprietary, but from the "poor" or "mean" whites—the "white trash" of Mrs. Stowe's *Dred*. The importance of this class has only been lately recognised; and we have been told that Mrs. Stowe herself, when she wrote *Uncle Tom*, was scarcely aware of its existence. The most remarkable thing about it is that it has no interest in the maintenance of slavery. The white population of the Slave States consists of rather more than six millions. Of these no more than 347,525 possess slaves, and the owners of ten negroes and upwards are only 92,247. The enormous majority have therefore no advantage from the peculiar institution—or rather they have the strongest interest in getting rid of it; for the negro competes directly with them for employment, and absorbs the remuneration which would otherwise be theirs. Nor, again, are they mere tools in the hands of the rich planters. They are, on the contrary, the masters of the South, and the patrons of that Filibusterism which, wherever it is successful, takes away from the value of vested interests. How is it, then, that, though distinctly impoverished by slavery, they are yet fanatics in its cause? The answer of all competent authorities is that negro servitude acts resistlessly on their morale. It fills them with disgust at labour. They shrink from the idea of the black labourer being placed on a level with themselves, and repel with horror a policy which would assimilate them to the workers of the North. The life of the "mean" white man is delineated by Mr. Stirling from examples which he had opportunities of observing in Florida. He tries to live in the wastes of the Slave States—which, though infinitely less populous than the Free, cover a much larger area—by his rod or his rifle. If he is near a town, he will occasionally do an odd job, sedulously avoiding, however, the very appearance of a trade or any regular employment. Sometimes he squats on a patch of rich land, where the earth, if merely scratched, will bring forth abundantly. The nearest approach to industry seen by Mr. Stirling occurred in Florida, where the poor white will sometimes purchase a few cattle, turn them out in the woods, collect the calves in the spring and brand them, and so become in time the nominal owner of 6000 head. But even then he will go without

milk to his coffee; and that, said a Yankee skipper to Mr. Stirling, "I call pretty damned shiftless." We can easily understand what a relief to the monotony and wretchedness of "white trash" life is a chance of joining a filibustering expedition, or an opportunity of enlisting in a gang of Border Ruffians.

Mr. Stirling is by no means a blind admirer even of those characteristics of the American people which are hailed with matter-of-course applause in England. Of all persons who have written on the United States, he is perhaps best qualified to indicate the defects of the "go-a-head" temperament. The great difference, he says, between English and American civilization is the greater thoroughness of the former. Workmanship, even in the Free States, struck Mr. Stirling as mere surface-work. In the lacquered and gilded mansion of the wealthy American, not a lock will catch, not a hinge will turn—knives wont cut, and matches wont light, doors shut, or windows open. American energy is over apt to direct itself to the realization of a single object, forgetting other ends which are equally necessary to an entire success. The American reaping-machines astonished us at first by their resolution of a difficult problem, but they spoil the straw, and get out of order on uneven ground. American clippers are marvels of speed, and there was for awhile a mania for them in England; but now, besides that from their dangerousness they have become the horror of underwriters, they prove to wet and spoil their cargoes, and there is everywhere a general return to the old-fashioned round bows. Nearly connected with the passion for going a-head without keeping a necessary watch both on starboard and larboard, is the extreme superficiality of the American mind even in regard to subjects of knowledge which have a natural claim on it. Mr. Stirling never found in any country so much ignorance of political economy, and so many false theories of trade. He remarks, with great shrewdness, that the prosperity of American commerce has something to do with this. Sound views of economical truth seldom come home to the trader except in seasons of misfortune; nor should we ever, probably, have had Free-trade in England without the opportunities for reflection afforded by commercial crises and manufacturing distress. But the distaste for severe thought which characterizes the American people, is certainly another cause. Of all sciences, political economy is the one which most surely escapes the superficial thinker. Established deductively, by reasoning down from a small number of principles, it requires the greatest confidence in the human intellect as well as no small tenacity of attention in the reasoner himself. Without great self-abstraction, and without great faith in himself, the would-be economist never even reaches the point at which he begins to discern the laws of his science running through the confusion of apparent phenomena.

Mr. Stirling's volume, candidly as he writes of America, speaks the language neither of despondency nor of exulting jealousy. As might be expected, while recognising the difficulties of the North, he does not condescend to jeremiads on the destiny of so great a community. He is, moreover, far from unhelpful as to the South. Perhaps his last chapters, in which he points out the prospect of negro emancipation through economical influences, have more interest than any other part of the book. He divides the servile moiety of the Union into cotton and frontier States, and points out that the latter have more and more interest every year in enfranchising labour. The slaves are gradually being drained away from them into the cotton country, and scarcity of hands renders it nearly impossible for them to cultivate their real staples. It is remarkable that the flow of black population to the South was a symptom which preceded emancipation in New York and other States now free. There is reason to think there is already considerable discontent with slavery in the frontier slave States; and Mr. Stirling mentions a curious suspicion, that many of the suffrages registered in the South for Mr. Fillmore, the Whig candidate, were in reality concealed abolitionist votes, which could not safely have been given for Colonel Fremont. Even in the cotton States there are some favourable signs; for the experience of Arkansas and Texas shows that cotton—which is not, we should recollect, a tropical, but rather a semi-temperate, production—is more profitably raised by white labour than by black. On the other hand, there are compensating influences which, though our hopes go entirely with Mr. Stirling, we cannot help mentioning. One is the increasing excitement of the North on the subject of slavery, which may precipitate matters before economical forces have time to complete their operation. Another is the immense difficulty of the transition-period during which white men and negroes must compete in the same fields of employment. That there is no physical repulsion of the white race for the black is sufficiently proved by the existence of mulattoes, and by the extreme familiarity between the planters and their favourite slaves. But the instant he is enfranchised the negro becomes an object of downright loathing to the white. "I like a nigger," said a Kentuckian, within earshot of Mr. Stirling, "but I hate a damned free nigger." He incarnates, in fact, the degradation of labour, and seems to bring down the free workman to the condition whence he emerged. Then, again, we must not close our eyes to the fact that the free society of the North is, on the whole, becoming less and less attractive. Mr. Stirling impliedly allows this in several places; and it becomes of importance when we consider that the industrial communities of the North are the ideal at which the Southerner is bid to aim. We do not claim

for it more than a retarding influence, but some allowance ought to be made for the absence of fascination in a social condition, which was aptly described by an American statesman in England when he said—"In my country there is less misery and less happiness than in any other part of the world."

BEETHOVEN.*

IT has not unfrequently been the fate of works of original genius to be little understood, or misunderstood, by the generation in which they were produced. This is, indeed, rather the exception than the rule, and when the mistake has occurred, the succeeding generation has not been slow to correct it. More often men of a secondary order of abilities are overrated by their contemporaries, and this error also time soon corrects, letting them fall into their proper place when the first heat of admiration has subsided. The genius of Beethoven was recognised on his first appearance as a composer, and the world has long been agreed as to the merits of at least the greater portion of his works. But although it is now thirty years since he ceased to exist, it still remains matter of controversy whether the elaborate productions of his latest years are not the perverse outpourings of a mind morbid to a degree little short of insanity, and such as can never be approved by a healthy taste. On the other hand, a school of enthusiasts exists in Germany, who consider these works as the most mature and perfect products of his genius, who find in them an expansion of musical expression unthought of before, and who seek to make them the basis of a new kind of composition. Beethoven and his works have become the subject of a special department of letters, known as the *Beethoven-Litteratur*, embracing treatises and speculations of the most varied kind, and ranging from simple biography and prosaic commentary to the depths of philosophic mysticism. In England we know little of this, except from hearsay; but a practical faith in Beethoven, as a man not likely at any time to have written absolute nonsense, is certainly on the increase amongst us, and very successful attempts have been recently made to bring his more difficult works to the test of experience. The posthumous quartets have been carefully studied and played by performers of the highest eminence. The choral symphony has been repeatedly produced with every available appliance, and even the mass in D has been courageously encountered by the Sacred Harmonic Society. The later pianoforte sonatas have found an able exponent in Miss Arabella Goddard. The musical public has had, therefore, ample means of forming its own opinion upon the subject of dispute.

M. Oulibicheff is a Russian virtuoso of what may now be termed the old school. About seventeen years ago he published an interesting biographical essay upon Mozart. Some expressions of opinion upon the later works of Beethoven contained in the book led to comments on the part of M. Lenz, the author of a work on Beethoven and his three styles, and M. Oulibicheff has thus been roused into writing the present work by way of rejoinder. Although a profound admirer of the great master, he adheres to the opinion that his later productions are only excusable on the ground of the deafness under which Beethoven laboured. This, it is suggested, prevented him hearing the horrible effect of the combinations of sounds which he penned, and which to his imagination represented something far different from the reality. This deafness came on at the age of twenty-seven, and gradually increased until it became total. It undoubtedly contributed to sour the mind of Beethoven, who always alluded to the subject with bitterness. Other causes co-operated to the same effect. It is, however, pretty clear, that there was in the mind of Beethoven from a very early period a tendency to those peculiarities which afterwards developed themselves in a more decided and uninterrupted manner. Manifestations of this occur unexpectedly in the most startling manner, in the midst of smooth and charming passages. M. Lenz has called them "the chimera's smiles"—a term which M. Oulibicheff adopts and pursues throughout his book as a metaphor happily expressive of the composer's eccentricity. He traces the growth of the phantom from its earliest appearances to its latest developments, until that which was at first a smile becomes a hideous grin, and finally, as he contends, the monster devours and supplants everything which can properly be styled music.

By the use of musical type, the passages referred to are in many cases given in the book before us—which by the way is a magnificent specimen of typography—so that the reader acquainted with the rules of harmony may judge for himself of the nature of the impeachment. Many of these instances must be sufficiently familiar to amateurs, such as that passage in the finale of the eighth symphony, where, in the midst of a simple and melodious passage in F major, a C sharp, a note having no perceptible relation to the key, is suddenly sounded fortissimo by the whole strength of the orchestra for the length of a bar, after which the melody continues quietly as before. This note is called by M. Lenz the *Schreckensnote*, or note of horror. He finds in it the expression of the feelings with which a person taking a pleasant walk should suddenly find himself on the edge of a tremendous precipice. Concerning this one note, a whole book, he says, might be written. M. Oulibicheff, however, describes its effect upon his own sensations somewhat dif-

ferently:—"You are conversing tranquilly and cheerfully with a party of friends, suddenly one of them jumps up, gives a shriek, makes a face at you, and then sits down again and continues the conversation where it left off." The imagination of different hearers would probably suggest other comparisons. Nothing, however, can better illustrate the real peculiarity of Beethoven's mind than this passage. He was a *humorist*, and one of the highest order, uniting the perception of the beautiful and sublime with the love of the grotesque, and never shrinking from bringing them into the closest juxtaposition. Were we to search for a literary analogue, we think it might be found in Jean Paul.

As an instance of musical precocity, Beethoven was not so remarkable as either Handel or Mozart. We find, however, that at the age of eleven he could play correctly the Wohl-temperirte Clavier of Sebastian Bach, and at fifteen he obtained the place of organist at Cologne; but, singular to relate, he did not commence the regular study of composition until he was twenty-two—an age at which the two above-mentioned musicians were already famous composers. Beethoven first took some lessons from Haydn, from whom he did not learn much. He next had recourse to Albrechtsberger, with whom he studied two years; and from Salieri he attempted to learn something of dramatic composition; but his teachers appear to have found him a troublesome pupil. He was in fact too old to learn, and had already some decided ideas of his own, and had been from a boy "as stubborn as a jackass" (*übelläuniges Esel*). So one of his biographers, with little politeness, informs us. Accordingly he never profited much in the stricter branches of musical composition; and always entertained a profound contempt for the pedantries of fugue-writing. Neither did he ever learn to submit to the conditions which Nature imposes in vocal compositions.

The remonstrances of singers, who declared his music to be beyond the powers of the human voice, were lost upon Beethoven. He would not consent to confine his imagination simply because it suggested things impossible of realization. Instrumental music afforded him a wider scope, and here it is that he towers above all other composers. He seems also in general to have had much more consideration for instruments and their capacities than he had for voices—though the later compositions, both for violin and piano, present difficulties insurmountable by any but exceptional players.

The works of Beethoven have been divided by his critics into three epochs. Those of the first manner extend from 1795 to 1804. His earliest work was published at the age of twenty-five. His previous essays in composition have not been preserved. The work in question—a set of trios for piano, violin, and violoncello—is well known, and is in all respects a masterpiece. Beethoven was at once recognised by the Viennese connoisseurs as a composer of the highest order. The second period of composition extends from 1804 to 1814, when his peculiarities of mind had fully developed themselves; and he appears no longer as a rival of Haydn and Mozart, but as an altogether independent thinker. To the first period belong the first two symphonies—the well known pianoforte sonata in A flat, op. 26; the sonata Pathétique, op. 13—the first set of quartets, and the song "Adelaide." The beginning of the second period is marked by the Sinfonia Eroica, the pianoforte sonata, op. 53, and the second set of quartets, op. 59. It comprises all the remaining symphonies, the ninth excepted, the opera of *Fidelio*, the mass in C, the Sonata Appassionata, op. 59—in fact, a large part of the composer's most admired works. To the last period, from 1814 to 1827, belong the ninth symphony, the last six quartets, and the later pianoforte sonatas.

It is in the second period that most of M. Oulibicheff's instances of the chimera are found. The third period he treats as almost beyond criticism, with the exception of the instrumental portions of the ninth symphony and the pianoforte sonata, op. 111, the last work of that kind which Beethoven composed. As for the posthumous quartets, he finds in them a fourth style more outrageous than all the rest, when the chimera had completely triumphed over the composer's intellect.

Precisely where M. Oulibicheff refuses to go any further, the "school of the future," it appears, begins, and finds in these works the opening of a new era—social, political, and philosophical—a revelation of ideas far beyond the ordinary range of musical language. Into these transcendentalisms we have no mind to enter, but we recommend M. Oulibicheff's work as containing a good-natured view of the controversy, and as showing at least what may be said upon one side of the subject. We by no means concur in his estimate of the works of the third period, and particularly the posthumous quartets, of which he hardly deigns to give any account, although he has analysed at great length and with much ability many of the earlier works. He insinuates that the admiration expressed for them in musical circles in his own country is but hollow and feigned—a mere fashion. As far as our own impressions are concerned, we can assert that we have found these quartets, when played, as it has been our good fortune to hear them in London, far more intelligible than sundry works which have never been suspected of being the products of erratic genius. They contain, beyond all doubt, numberless passages of unique beauty, by the side, it must be admitted, of much of an eccentric character. The real difficulty seems to lie in getting together as many as four musicians capable of giving effect to the intentions of the composer. As for the choral symphony,

* *Beethoven, ses Critiques et ses Glossateurs.* Par Alexandre Oulibicheff. Leipzig: Brockhaus. 1857.

now tolerably well-known and understood, few will hesitate to place it, so far as the instrumental part goes, upon a level with the greatest of its predecessors, if indeed, it be not admitted to surpass all the rest in grandeur of conception. The vocal portion has, indeed, never been satisfactorily mastered, and perhaps never will be—effects being sought from the human voice which are only attainable by instruments. Nature must be submitted to in order that she may be subdued, and this Beethoven refused to do. Had he been as great a master of vocal composition as Handel, how sublime would the end of this symphony have been!

UNPROTECTED FEMALES IN NORWAY.*

UNPROTECTED Females in Norway reminds us in one particular of the ballad of "Billy Taylor." The author of that poem secures our interest for his heroine by one of those delicate touches which none but an artist can achieve. It is not her adoption of male attire in order to be near her lover—that is a device too commonplace to excite powerful sympathy. Nor are we much impressed by the fact that she "follows after, under the name of Richard Car," because we know she must be entered on the ship's books under some name, and why not Car, as well as any other? The cannon-ball cutting her jacket open would be a thrilling incident, if accompanied by a blare of strong brassy music from an Astleian or Victorian orchestra, but is too melodramatic for ungarished narrative. But when we are told that "her lily white hands she daubs all over with the nasty pitch and tar," we at once see it is no ordinary "woman-creation," as the Germans would say, that we have to deal with. The pitch and tar give a colour to the character as well as to the cuticle. Mere animal courage would have enabled her to face shot, shell, and sea-sickness; but nothing except a high moral nature could have carried her through pitch and tar, the homeliness and meanness of which further serve to bring out in high relief her generous self-devotion, and illustrate what Mr. Ruskin would call, the "nobleness of dirt" in the hands of a true artist. Like the *fiancée* of the faithless Taylor, the "Unprotected in Norway" is made interesting by a judicious use of artistic bathos. Before her readers have had time to speculate upon the nature of the book they have taken up, or to make the roughest guess as to what manner of traveller its authoress may be, she kindly gives a clue—strikes the key-note, as it were—by mentioning, as a part of her outfit, a pair of hobnail shoes. Other articles of perhaps equally doubtful femininity are enumerated—for example, "solid plaid shirts," a driving-whip, and a fishing-rod; but the expression, "hobnail shoes," seems to us to have a special significance. Ninety-nine young ladies in a hundred would have softened it down into "double soled," or "extra strong," or perhaps would have pleaded guilty, in a note, to a pair of stout "Balmorals." But the "Unprotected" is obviously one of those beings who delight in mortifying conventionalities by persisting in calling a spade a spade. The phrase just quoted is her declaration of independence; and, having delivered it, she goes on her way through Norway, rejoicing in setting her feet, cased in the manner above mentioned, on the necks of prejudices entertained by her weaker sisters at home.

We hope, and indeed believe, that the Unprotected, notwithstanding her demonstrations of mental strength, does not set up to be an emancipated female. Any suspicion of the contrary being the case would effectually banish those amicable feelings which we have towards her, and awaken in their stead our liveliest detestation. After a careful perusal of her book, we have come to the conclusion that she is only a lady blessed with a large stock of natural spirits, an equally large amount of self-confidence, plenty of good humour, an uneasy desire to trample upon some of the smaller proprieties, and a hearty contempt for such feminine belongings as crochet, Berlin-wool, crinoline, and "Tom Thumb bonnets"—in fact, one whom fast young men would call "stunning," and prudish young ladies "a most extraordinary person." Her book seems to have been written for the purpose of showing that ladies in whom the above qualities have been healthily developed, may travel anywhere by themselves, and will even get on much better than if accompanied by gentlemen. The latter members of the human species she seems to despise nearly as much as she does worsted-working young ladies. In travelling, they "are sure to go into passions and make rows, if things are not right immediately;" while, on the other hand, ladies "set about things in a quieter manner, and always have their own way. . . . The only use of a gentleman in travelling is to look after the luggage, and we take care to have no luggage. The Unprotected should never go beyond one portable carpet-bag. This, if properly managed, will contain a complete change of everything." In addition to the carpet-bag and the articles already specified, she recommends straw hats, woollen stockings, an immense stock of health, spirits, and good temper, and "a combination of the qualities of the serpent and the dove," because "it is astonishing, if ladies look perfectly innocent and helpless, how people fall into the trap and exert themselves to serve them." Subsequent experience proved, however, that this equipment was deficient in one important respect, and future lady travellers in Norway will do well to take a hint and guard against an omission like that which the Unprotected made,

and only discovered when "the wild fowl were flying about in the most provoking manner, and could be had for the shooting. I vowed I never would set foot in Norway again without a gun; nor should any lady do so unless she has some one to shoot for her."

As might be expected from the character of the preparations, the journey across the Sognefjeld and to Bergen was anything but a sentimental one. We must confess, however, that the hobnail shoes and other indications of a strong mind perceptible at the outset caused us some dismal forebodings that the fair traveller might be tempted, in her later chapters, into the quicksands of political economy—that graceful science which, like driving a gig, is a natural gift with every one, but seems to be especially developed in tourists in Norway—or else that she might think it proper to hold enlightened opinions on Norwegian institutions, constitutionalism, representative systems, and other chapter-filling matters of the like nature. In this, however, we were unjust; and though it is only an *amende* which we owe for having been suspicious, we doubt if we could say anything more complimentary of the Unprotected than that she has no views whatever on these or any other subjects—the bad management of gentlemen, and her own power of "getting on," always excepted. She went to Norway to enjoy herself, and apparently did so thoroughly; and now she good-naturedly wishes the public to share, as far as possible, in her enjoyment. This, together with the propagandism of the hobnail and fishing-rod system, seems to be all she meant to effect by writing her travels; and in one respect she will probably be successful, for the book is pleasant, lively, good-humoured, and with a dash of harmless eccentricity about it that no one can seriously object to. The following may serve as a specimen of the style of the book, as well as of the mode of travelling adopted by the authoress:—

We had entered the third phase of the journey—the forest. Hurrah for the three glories of Norwegian travel—the fjord! the field! the forest! Wild graces of Scandinavia—vast, rugged, grand, as befits a stern northern queen of beauty! The ponies long to gallop beneath the shade; one spring—they start. Now the *non-talk-aboutables* proved their usefulness. Bagging all my clothes in their ample folds, I at once mounted *à la Zouave*, and can assure every one for a long journey this attitude has double comforts. While mamma sat twisted sideways on a saddle which would not keep its balance, I was easy and independent, with a foot in each stirrup; besides the scarlet having the most beautiful effect through the green trees.

The articles here alluded to, into the shape and structure of which we decline to inquire impertinently, did not form a part of the original fit-out, but were made at Bergen, on the soundest æsthetic principles, utility at the same time not being lost sight of. The material, it appears, was scarlet flannel. "They can be of any colour you fancy," ladies are told, "only red looks pretty among the trees, charms the peasants, and frightens the wolves." Nobody, however, but the guide seems to have been very much charmed; and even his admiration was rather equivocally expressed, for, though he showed better breeding than Sir Guyon, and was too courteous

To ask the Briton maid what uncouth wind
Brought her into those parts, and what inquest
Made her dissemble her disguised kind?

our Britomart confesses that, as they journeyed through the dark woods, his

heartily laughs were the only cheering sounds. He was in the highest spirits; my costume and attitude excited his warmest admiration. He was under the impression they were the last English fashion; and that great nation, which he knew awayed the world from somewhere, seemed to rise in his imagination in still more mysterious grandeur, and a stray cigar or two given him completed the illusion. What would one think of two French ladies, or two of any other nation, penetrating into the wildest recesses of Norway, and finding out new roads for the natives? Who but English could do it? Madame Ida Pfeiffer has been rather active; but she confesses to being skinny and wiry, and was able to wriggle about unmolested; the English and Americans are rarely of that make, and so generally blooming and attractive, that it must be a certain inborn right of conquest which makes them nearly always the first to penetrate into the arcana of countries triumphantly.

As far as the Americans are concerned, we are not quite prepared to admit the truth of this observation. We doubt, for example, if that lady from New Thyatira, U.S., who, hearing a pantomime-loving friend commend Mr. Flexmore's Pantaloon, exclaimed "Du tell! if that ain't right away indecent?" would have the moral courage to penetrate into the arcana of any country, clad in scarlet *non-talk-aboutables*, or could exhibit any proof of an inborn right of conquest comparable to those mentioned in the pages from which we have been quoting. Certain it is, however, that the gushing, dashing creature whose mission in life seems to be astonishing her neighbours, and whose motto is—

Respectez mon indépendance, esclaves de la vanité—

is more frequently to be met with here than in any other country. That there is something in our climate favourable to a healthy species of Bloomerism, no one can doubt who thinks for a moment how many strong lace-up boots, wide-awake hats, such as Leech draws so delightfully, and semi-masculine jackets, all buttons and pocket, are now in this summer season scrambling over the rocks at a score of watering places, scaling the stairs and walls of old castles, hurrying small ponies at a cruel pace up stony passes or down breakneck glens. But whether the *prononcé* form of these charming eccentricities advocated by "The Unprotected in Norway," should be considered a national characteristic, and ladies adopting it the representative women of England, as the

* *Unprotected Females in Norway; or, the Pleasantest Way of Travelling there, passing through Denmark and Sweden. With Scandinavian Sketches from Nature.* London: Routledge and Co. 1857.

passage we have extracted seems to suggest, is a question upon which we would rather not enter. Its advantages are obvious. It offers to the blooming and attractive the same immunity from molestation that nature secures to the skinny and wiry. If, for instance, the unprotected female whose excursion in Ireland is the subject of one of the late Thomas Moore's ballads had been of the same temperament as her sister of the nineteenth century, the knight would have had no cause for anxiety, and her family no doubt would have been saved some uneasiness; for what man would think of waylaying a damsel who, rejecting jewellery and a wand as unsuitable for a walking tour, wore hobnail shoes, and had a whip ready for the shoulders of an intrusive admirer. On the other hand, there are some disadvantages; but these we willingly leave to the next writer on Female Education.

MEETER'S HOLLAND.*

WORK has appeared within the last few days purporting to be written by a Dutchman named Meeter, and to give an account of the Court and institutions of Holland. It is in every way a worthless and disgraceful book. The writer's account of himself is, that he set up a Republican paper—that on its creating some little sensation, he was bought by the Court—that he spent in debauchery more than the sum allowed him by the King, and became so importunate in his demands that he was turned adrift—whereon he again set up his Republican newspaper. At last he was prosecuted and imprisoned, and we can only regret he was ever released. He has now the impudence to address to the English public a bombastic denunciation of the institutions of his native country. It is not from such a source that we can look for anything worth learning as to the real circumstances of a foreign nation. The work is of no political importance, and we should not have thought it deserving of any notice, were it not that a portion of its contents is of such a character as to call for a few remarks.

We obtained a copy of this work from the circulating library of Mr. Mudie; and the volume may very probably penetrate through this highly respectable channel into hundreds of families and country book-clubs. It is natural that Englishmen should wish to have information about a country so much mixed up with our history as Holland; and this work, having an attractive title, is exactly the sort of book which people in the country would think they should like to see. Now, its pages contain not merely a formal accusation against the late King of Holland, that he was repeatedly guilty of the most revolting of crimes, but a loathsome description is given of one particular scene. It is a passage that would shock even a hardened man; and we do not think that there is a father of an English family who would not throw the book into the fire rather than suffer it to remain a day in his house. The author also describes how he seduced a lady who was living under the guardianship of a physician whom he consulted. He gives the name of this lady in full, and also the name and address of her guardian; and he has the effrontery to state that he deserted her when he found she was about to become a mother. We are obliged to allude to these matters plainly, because we wish to show how it is possible that a book of the most disreputable kind may be circulated, quite innocently and ignorantly, through a considerable portion of English society.

In England there is no censorship of the press. No one can prevent such a book being published. It is true that the author would be accused by all decent society; but a depraved black-guard cares nothing for that, and only wishes to write what is advertised as "a startling new work," and is thought likely to bring in money. Nor can we make the publisher suffer by any legal means. An action for libel would raise so much scandal that it is practically out of the question. There is only one thing that can be done; and although the remedy is not likely to be very effective, it is better than none. The press can draw attention to the name of the publisher. We can ask that henceforth—unless Meeter and his work are at once disclaimed—no one will suffer publications from the same quarter to enter his family without examination, and that respectable librarians will not circulate them unless they have ascertained that they are decent. The name of the person who has published this book is J. F. Hope, of 16, Great Marlborough-street.

* *Holland: its Institutions; its Press, Kings, and Prisons.* By E. Meeter. London: J. F. Hope, Great Marlborough-street. 1857.

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ADVERTISEMENTS.

CRYSTAL PALACE.—THE VOCAL ASSOCIATION, comprising 330 male and female voices, will make its third appearance on Friday, August 7th, under the direction of M. BENEDICT, in the Central Transept of the Crystal Palace. The success which attended the two previous performances there, has induced the Directors to make arrangements for a third, of an entirely different character. The programme will be Mendelssohn throughout, including "The Walpurgis Night," and "Loreley." The Vocalists engaged are Mr. and Madame WEISS, Miss FANNY HURDART, and Mr. MORTIMER SMITH. Miss ARABELLA GODDARD is also engaged to perform Mendelssohn's Concerto in G, Minor.

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